THE PLEASANT

HISTORY

OF

JOHN WINCHCOMB.

In his Yonger Years called,

Jack of Newbery,

The famous and worthy Clothier of *England*; declaring his life and love, together with his charitable deeds and great Hospitalities.

And how he set continually five hundred poor People at work, to the great benefit of the Commonwealth: worthy to be read and regarded.

Now the Thirteenth time Imprinted, corrected, and inlarged by, *T. D.*

Haud cure invidiam.

LONDON,
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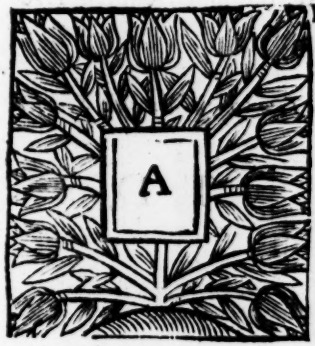
BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

TO ALL

Famous Cloath-workers in *England*, I Wiſh all happineſs of life, proſperity and Brotherly Affection.



AMong all manual Arts uſed in this Land, none is more famous for deſert, or more benificial to the Common-wealth, than is the moſt neceſſary Art of Cloathing. And therefore as the benefit thereof is great, ſo are the profeſſors of the ſame to be both loved and maintained. Many Wiſe MEN therefore, having deeply conſidered the ſame, moſt bountifully have beſtowed their gifts for upholding of ſo excellent a commodity, which hath been, and yet is the nouriſhing of many thouſands of poor People. Wherefore, to you moſt worthy Clothiers do I dedicate this my rude Work, which hath raiſed out of the duſt of forgetfullneſs a moſt famous and Worthy man, whoſe name was *John Winchcomb*,

alias *Jack* of *Newberie*; of whoſe life and love I have briefly written, and in a plain and humble manner, that it may be the better underſtood of thoſe for whoſe ſakes I take pains to compile it, that is, for the well minded Clothiers, that herein they may behold the great worſhip and credit which men of this Trade have in former time come unto. If therefore it be of you kindly accepted, I have the end of my deſire, and think my pains well recompenced: and finding your Gentleneſs anſwering my hope, it ſhall move me ſhortly to ſet to your ſight the long hidden Hiſtory of *Thomas* of *Redding*, *George* of *Gloceſter*, *Richard* of *Worceſter*, and *William* of *Salisburie*, with divers others, who were all moſt Notable members in the Common-wealth of this Land, and men of great fame and dignity. In the mean ſpace I commend you all to the moſt high God; who ever increaſe, in all perfection and proſperous eſtate, the long Honored Trade of Engliſh Clothiers.

Yours in all humble Service,

T. D.

The moſt Pleaſant and Delectable Hiſtory of *John Winchcomb*, otherwiſe called *Jack of Newbery*: and firſt, of his love and pleaſant Life.

CHAP. I.

IN the dayes of King Henry the Eighth, that moſt noble and victorious Prince in the beginning of his Reign, John Winchcomb, a Broad-Cloath-Weaver, dwelt in Newbery, a Town in Barkſhire: who, for that he was a man of a merry diſpoſition, and honeſt Converſation, was wonderous well beloved of Rich and Poor, eſpecially becauſe in every place where he came, he would ſpend his money with the beſt, and was not any time found a churle of his purſe: Wherefore being ſo good a companion, he was called of old and young, Jack of Newbery: a man ſo generally wel known in all his country for his good fellowſhip, that he could go into no place but he found acquaintance; by means whereof Jack could no ſooner get a crown, but ſtraight he found means to ſend it: yet had he ever this care, that he would alwaies keep himſelf in comely and decent apparel, neither at any time would he be overcom in drink, but ſo diſcreetly behave himſelf with honeſt mirth, and pleaſant conceits, that he was every Gentleman's companion.

After that Jack had long led this pleaſant life, being (though he were but poor) in good eſtimation; it was his Maſters chance to die, and his dame to be a Widow, who was a very comely ancient woman, and of the reaſonable wealth. Wherefore ſhe, having a good opinion of her man John committed unto his government the guiding of all her Work-folks for the ſpace of three years together: In which time ſhe found him

ſo

ſo carefull and diligent, that all things came forward and proſpered wondrous well. No man could intice him from his buſineſs all the week, by all the intreaty they could uſe: inſomuch that in the end ſome of the wild youths of the Town began to deride and ſcoff at him.

Doubtleſs quoth one, I doubt ſome female-ſpirit hath inchanted Jack to his treadles, and conjured him within the compaſs of his Loom, that he can ſtir no farther. You ſay truth, quoth Jack, and if you have the leiſure to ſtay till the Charm be don, the ſpace of ſix dayes and five nights, you ſhall find me ready to put on my holy-day apparel, and on Sunday morning for your pains, I will give you a Pot of Ale over againſt the May pole. Nay, quoth another, Ile lay my life, that as the Salamander cannot live without the fire, ſo Jack cannot live without the ſmell of his Dames ſmock. And I marvel, quoth Jack, that you being of the nature of the Herring (which ſoon as he is taken out of the Sea, ſtreight dies) can live ſo long with your noſe out of the pot. Nay Jack, leave thy jeſting, quoth another, and go along with us, thou ſhalt not ſtay a jot. And becauſe I will not ſtay, nor make you a lyer (quoth Jack) Ile keep me here ſtill: and ſo farewell.

Thus then they departed, and after they had for half aſcore times tried him to this intent, and ſaw he would not be led by their lure, they left him to his own will. Nevertheleſs, every Sunday, in the afternoon, and every Holy day, Jack would keep them companie, and be as merry as a Pie, and having ſtill good ſtore of money in his purſe, one or other would ever be borrowing of him, but never could he get pennie of it again: which when Jack perceived, he would never after carry above twelve pence at once in his purſe, and that being ſpent, he would ſtreight return home merrily, taking his leave of companie in this ſort.

My maſters I thank you, 'tis time to pack home,
And he that want's money is counted a Mome:
And twelve pence a Sunday being ſpent in good chear,
To fifty two ſhillings amount's in the year,
Enough for a Crafts man that live's by his hands;
And he that exceed's it ſhall purchaſe no lands.

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For that I ſpend this day, I'le work hard to morrow,
For woe is that party that ſeeketh to borrow.
My money doth make me full merry to be,
And without my money none careth for me:
Therefore wanting Money, what ſhould I do here,
But haſte home, and thank you all for my good cheer.

Thus was Jacks good government and diſcretion noted of the beſt and ſubſtantialleſt, men of the town, ſo that it wrought his great commendation, and his Dame thought her ſelf not a little bleſt to have ſuch a ſervant, that was ſo obedient unto her, and ſo careful for her profit, for ſhe had never a Prentice that yielded her more obedience than he did, or was more dutiful: ſo that by his good example, he did as much good as by his diligent labor & travail: which his ſingular virtue being noted by the Widow, ſhe began to caſt very good countenance to her man John, and to uſe very much talk with him in private: and firſt by way of communication: ſhe would tell unto him what Suters ſhe had, and the great offers they made her, what gifts they ſent her, and the great affection they bare her, craving his opinion in the matter.

When Jack found the favor to be his Dame's Secretary, he thought it an extraordinary kindneſs: and gheſſing by the Yarn it would prove a good Web, began to queſtion with his Dame in this ſort. Although it becometh not me your ſervant to prie into your ſecrets, nor to be buſie about matters of your love: yet, forasmuch as it hath pleaſed you to uſe conference with me in thoſe cauſes, I pray you let me intreat you to know their names that be your Suters, and of what profeſſion they be.

Marrie John (ſaid ſhe) that you ſhall. and I pray thee take a cuſhion and ſit down by me. Dame (quoth he) I thank you, but there is no reaſon I ſhould ſit on a cuſhion till I have deſerved it. If thou haſt not thou mighteſt have done, ſaid ſhe: but ſaint Souldiers never find favor John replied, That make's me inward to want favor: for I durſt not try Maidens, becauſe they ſeem coy, nor Wives, for fear of their husbands, nor Wives doubting their diſdainfulneſs. Tuſh John (quoth ſhe) he that fear's and doubt's Woman kind

cannot:

cannot be counted Mankind: and take this for a principle, All things are not as they seem: but let us leave this, and proceed to our former matter. My first Sutor dwel's at Wallingford, by Trade a Tanner, a man of good Wealth, and his names is Crafts, of comely personage, and very good behaviour, a Widower, well thought of amongst his neighbours: he hath proper Land, a fair House, and well furnished, and never a Child in the World, and he loves me passing well. Why then Dame (quoth John) you were best to have him. Is that your opinion, quoth she? now trust me so it is not mine. For I find two special Reasons to the contrary: the one is, that he being overworn in years makes me overloath to love him: and the other, that I know one nearer hand,

Believe me Dame (quoth Jack) I perceive store is no sore, and prefered Ware is worse by ten in the hundred than that which is sought: but I pray ye who is your second Sutor? John (quoth she) it may seem immodesty in me to bewray my love's secrets: yet seeing thy discretion, and being perswaded of thy secrecy, I will shew thee: The other is a man of middle years, but yet a Batchelor, by occupation a Taylor, dwelling at Hungerford: by report a very good Husband, such a one as hath Crownes good store, and to me he professes much good will, for his person he may please any woman. I Dame, quoth John, because he pleaseth you. Not so, said she, for my eies are unpartial Judges in that case: & albeit my opinion may be contrary to others, if this Art deceive not my eye sight, he is worthy of a good Wife, both for his person and conditions. Then trust me Dame (quoth Iohn) forasmuch as you are without doubt of your self that you will prove a good Wife, and so well perswaded of him, I should think you could make no better choise. Truly Iohn (quoth she) there is also two Reasons that move me not to like of him: the one is, that being so long a ranger, he would at home be a stranger: and the other, that I like better of one nearer hand, who is that, quoth Iack: Saith she, the third Sutor is the Parson of Spinhome-land, who hath a proper living, he is of a holy Conversation & good estimation, whose Affection to me is great. No doubt Dame (quoth Iohn) you may do wondrous well with him, where you

you shall have no care but to serve GOD, and to make ready his meat. O Iohn (quoth she) the flesh and the spirit agree not; for he will be so bent to his Book, that he will have little mind of his bed: for one moneths studying for a Sermon will make him forget his wife a whole year. Truly Dame (quoth Iohn) I must needs speak in his behalf, and the rather, for that he is a man of the Church, & your near neighbor to whom [as I ghess] you bear the best affection: I do not think he will be so much bound to his book, or subject to the spirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well Iohn (quoth she) I wis my mind is not that way, for I like better of one nearer hand. No marvell [quoth Iack] you are so peremtory, seeing you have so much choice: but I pray you Dame (quoth he) let me know this fortunate man, that is so highly placed in your favour. Iohn [quoth she] they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot keep something: that man [I tell thee] must go nameless: for he is Lord of my love, and King of my desires: there is neither Tanner, Taylor, nor Parson, may compare with him: his presence is a preservative to my health, his sweet smiles my hearts solace, and his words heavenly musick to my ears. Why then Dame (quoth Iohn) for your bodies health, your hearts joy, and your delight, delay not ỳ time, but entertain him with a kiss, make his bed next yours, & chop up the match in the morning. Well quoth she, I perceive thy consent is quickly got to any, having no care how I am match't, so I be match't: I wis, I wis, I could not let thee go so lightly, being loath that any one should have thee, except I could love her as well as my self. I thank you for your kindness and good will, good Dame, quoth he: but it is not wisdom for a young man that can scantly keep himself, to take a wife: therefore I hold it the best way to lead a single life: for I have heard say, That many sorrows follow marriage, especially where want remains: and besides, it is a hard matter to find a constant Woman: for as young Maids are fickle, so are old women jealous: the one a grief too common, the other a torment intolerable. What Iohn (quoth she) consider that maidens ficklenes proceeds of vain fancies, but old womens jealousie of superabounding love, and there-

for the more to be born withall. But Dame, quoth hee, many are jealous without cauſe; for it is ſufficient for their miſtruſting natures to take exceptions at a ſhadow, at a word, at a look, at a ſmile; nay, at the twinkle of an eye, which neither man nor woman is able to expel? I know a woman that was ready to hang her ſelf, for ſeeing but her husbands ſhirt hang on a hedg with her maids ſmock. I grant that this fury may haunt ſome, quoth ſhee, yet there are many other that complain not without great cauſe. Why is there any cauſe that ſhould move jealouſie, quoth John? I by St. Mary is there quoth thee: for would it not grieve a woman (being on every way able to delight her husband) to ſee him forſake her, deſpiſe and contemn her, being never ſo merry as when he is in other company, ſporting abroad from morning till noon, and from noon till night; and when he comes to bed, if he turn to his wife it is in ſuch ſullenneſs, and wearieſome drowſie lameneſs that it brings rather loathſomneſs then any delight: can you then blame a woman in this caſe to bee angry and diſpleaſed? I'le tell you what, among brute beaſts it is a grief untolerable: for I heard my Grandame tell, that the Bell-weather of her flock fancying one of the Ews above the reſt, and ſeeing Gratis the ſhepherd abuſing her in abominable ſort (ſubverting the law of Nature) could by no means bear the abuſe; but watching opportunity for revenge, on a time found the ſaid ſhepherd ſleeping in the field, and ſuddenly ran againſt him in ſuch violent ſort, that by the force of his wreathed horns, hee beat the brains out of the ſhepherd's head & ſlew him. If then a Sheep could not indure that injury, think not that women are ſo ſheepiſh to ſuffer it. Beleeve mee (quoth John) if every horn maker ſhould be ſo plagued by a horned beaſt, there would be leſs horns made in Newberie by many in a year. But Dame, (quoth he) to make an end of this prattle, becauſe it is an argument too deep to be diſcuſſed betweén you and I, you ſhall hear me ſing an old ſong, and ſo we will depart to ſupper.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear to have *Acteon's* head.
A maiden black is often proud:

A Maiden little, will be loud.
A Maiden that is high of growth,
They ſay is ſubject unto ſloth.
Thus fair or foul, yea little or tall,
Some faults remain among them all.
But of all the faults that be,
None is ſo bad as jealouſie,
For jealouſie is fierce and fell,
And burns as hot as fire in hell:
It breeds ſuſpition without cauſe,
And breaks the bonds of reaſon's lawes.
To none it is a greater foe,
Than unto thoſe where it doth grow.
And God keep me both day and night,
From that fell, fude, and ugly ſpright:
For why, of all the plagues that bee,
The ſecret plague is jealouſie.
Therefore I wiſh all Women kinde.
Never to bear a jealous minde.

Well ſaid John (quoth ſhe) thy ſong is not ſo true, but thy voice is as ſweet: but ſeeing the time agrees with our ſtomacks though loth, yet we will give over for this time, and betake our ſelves to our ſuppers. Then calling to the reſt of her ſervants they fell to their meat merrily; & after ſupper, the good-wife went abroad for her recreation, to walk a while with one of her Neighbors. And in the mean ſpace John got him up into his Chamber, and there began to meditate on this matter, bethinking with himſelf what he were beſt to do: for wel he perceiv'd that his dames affection was great towards him: knowing therefore the womans diſpoſition, and with all that her eſtate was reaſonable good and conſidering beſide that he ſhould find a houſe ready furniſht, Servants ready taught, and all other things for his Trade neceſſarie, he thought it beſt not to let ſlip that good occaſion, leſt he ſhould never come to the like. But again, when he conſidered her years to be unfitting to his youth, and that ſhe that ſometime had bin his Dame, would (perhaps) diſdain to be governed by him that had bin her poor ſervant, that it ſhould prove but a bad bargain,

doubting many inconveniences that might grow thereby, he therefore reſolved to be ſilent, rather than to proceed further: wherefore he got him ſtreight to bed, and the next morning ſettled himſelf cloſe to his buſineſs. His Dame coming home, and hearing that her man was gone to bed, took that night but ſmall reſt, and early in the morning hearing him up at his work, merrily ſinging, ſhe by and by aroſe, and in ſeemly ſort attiring her ſelf, ſhe came into the Work-ſhop & ſate her down to make quils. Quoth Iohn, Good morrow Dame, how do you to day? God a mercy Iohn (quoth ſhe) even as well as I may: for I was ſore troubled in my dreams, me thought two Doves walked together in a corn-field, the one (as it were) in communication with the other, without regard of picking up any thing to ſuſtain themſelves: and after they had with many nods ſpent ſome time to their content, they both fell hard with their pretie bils, to peck up the ſcattered corn, left by the weary Reapers hand. At length (finding themſelves ſatisfied) it chanced another Pigion lighted in that place, with home one of the firſt Pigeons at length kept company: & after, returning to the place where ſhe left her firſt companion, perceiving he was not there, ſhe kindly ſearching up and down the high ſtubble to find him, lighted at length on a Hog faſt a ſleep, wherewith me thought the poor Dove was ſo diſmaied, that, preſently ſhe fell down in a trance. I ſeing her legs fail and her wings quiver, yielding her ſelf to death, moved with pittie, ran unto her, thinking to take up the Pigeon, me thought I had in my hands my own heart, wherein me thought an arrow ſtuck ſo deep, that the blood trickled down the ſhaft, and lay upon the feathers like the ſilver pearled dew on the green graſs, which made me to weep moſt bitterly. But preſently me thought there came one to me crowned like a Queen who told me my heart would die, except in time I got ſome of that ſleeping Hogs greaſe to heal the wounds thereof. Whereupon I ran in all haſte to the Hog, with my heart bleeding in my hand, who (me thought) grunted at me in moſt churliſh ſort, & vaniſh't out of my ſight. Whereupon coming ſtrait home, me thought I found this Hog ruſtling among my Looms, wherewith I preſently awaked ſuddenly after mid-

night,

night, being all in a ſweat, and very ill: and I am ſure you could not chuſe but hear me groan. Truſt me Dame I heard you not (quoth Iohn) I was ſound aſleep. And thus (quoth ſhe) a woman may die in the night before you will have the care to ſee what ſhe ail's, or ask what ſhe lack's.

But truly Iohn (quoth ſhe) all is one, for if thou ſhouldeſt have come, thou couldeſt not have got in, becauſe my chamber dor was lock't; but while I live, this ſhall teach me wit, for henceforth I will have no other lock but a latch, till I am married. Then Dame (quoth he) I perceive though you be curious in your choice, at length you will marry. I truly (quoth ſhe) ſo thou wilt not hinder me. Who I, quoth Iohn? on my faith Dame not for an hundred pounds, but rather will further to the uttermoſt of my power. Indeed (quoth ſhe) thou haſt no reaſon to ſhew any diſcourteſie to me in that matter, although ſome of our neighbours do not ſtick to ſtay, That I am ſure to three already. If it were ſo (quoth Iohn) there is no cauſe to deny it, or to be aſhamed thereof, knowing my ſelf far unworthy of ſo high a favour. Well let this tale reſt, quoth ſhe, and take there thy Quills, for it is time for me to go to market.

Thus the matter reſted for two or three days, in which ſpace ſhe daily deviſed which way ſhe might obtain her deſire, which was to marry her man. Many things came in her head and ſundry ſleights in her mind, but none of them did fit her fancy, ſo that ſhe became wondrous ſad, and as civell as the nine Sibyls; and in this melancholy humour ſhe continued three weeks or a month, till at laſt it was her luck upon a Bartholomew day (having a Fair in the Town) to ſpy her man Iohn give a pair of Gloves to a proper Maid for a fairing, which the Maiden with a baſhful modeſty kindly accepted, & requited with a kiſs: which kindled in her an inward jealouſie; but notwithſtanding very diſcreetly ſhe covered it, and cloſely paſt along unſpied of her man, or the maid.

She had not gone far, but ſhe met with one of her Sutors, namely the Taylor, who was very fine, & brisk in his apparel, and neds he would beſtow ſome Wine upon the Widow: and after ſome faint denial, meeting with a Goſip of her's to

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the Tavern they went, which was more courteſie than the taylor could ever get of her before, ſhewing her ſelf very pleaſant and merrie: and finding her in ſuch a pleaſing humor, the Taylor after a new quart of Wine renewed his old ſute: the Widow with patience heard him, and gently anſwered, That in reſpect of his great good will long time born unto her, as alſo in regard of his gentleneſs, coſt, & courteſie at that preſent beſtowed, ſhe would not flatly deny him. Therefore (quoth ſhe) ſeeing this is not a place to conclude of ſuch matters, if I may intreat you to come to my poor houſe on thurſday next, you ſhall be heartily welcome, and be further ſatisfied of my mind: and thus preferred to a touch of her lips, he paid the ſhot and departed. The Taylor was ſcant out of ſight, when ſhe met with the Tanner: who albeit he was aged, yet luſtily he ſaluted her, and to the wine ſhe muſt, there was no nay. The Widow ſeeing his importancie, cal's her Goſſip, and long they walked together. The old man called for wine plenty, and the beſt cheer in the houſe: and in hearty manner he bid's the Widow welcom. They had not ſitten long, but in comes a noiſe of muſitians in tawny coates, who (putting of their caps) asked if they would have any muſick. The Widow anſwered, No, they were merrie enough. Tut, quoth the old man let us hear good fellows what you can do, and play me The beginning of the World. Alas quoth the Widow, you had more need hearken to the ending of the World. Why Widow, quoth he, I tell thee the beginning of the world was the begetting of Children: and if you find me faultie in that occupation, turn me out of the bed for a bungler, and then ſend for the Sexton. He had no ſooner ſpoken the word, but the Parſon of Speen with his corner Cap pop't in at the door, who ſeeing the Widow ſitting at the table, craved pardon, and came in. Quoth ſhe, for want of the Sexton, here is the Prieſt, if you need him. Marry (quoth the Tanner) in good time, for by this means we need not go for to be married. Sir quoth the Parſon, I ſhall do my beſt in convenient place. Wherein, quoth the Tanner? To wed her my ſelf, quoth the Parſon. Nay ſoft, ſaid the Widow, one Swallow make's not a ſummer, nor one meeting a marriage: as I lighted on you unlook't for, ſo came I hither unprovided

for

for the purpose. I trust quoth the Tanner, you came not without your eyes to see, your tongue to speak, your ears to hear, your hands to feel, nor your legs to go. I brought my eyes, quoth she, to discern colors, my tongue to say no to questions I like not, my ears to judg twixt flattery and friendship, and my feet to run from such as would wrong me. Why then, quoth the Parson, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident there are none but such as you like and love. God forbid I should hate my friends (quoth the Widow) whom I take all these in this place to be. But there are divers sorts of love, quoth the Parson. You say truth, quoth the Widow: I love your self for your Profession, and my friend the Tanner, for his courtesie and Kindness, and the rest for their good company. Yet (quoth the Parson) for the explaining of your love, I pray you drink to him you love best in the company. Why (quoth the Tanner) have you any hope of her love? Believe me (said the Parson) as much as another. Why then Parson sit down, said the Tanner: for you that are equall with me in desire, shall surely be half with me in the shot: and so Widow on Gods name fulfill the Parson's request. Seeing (quoth the Widow) you are so pleasantly bent, if my courtesie might not breed contention between you, and that I may have your favour to shew my fancie, I will fulfill your request. Quoth the Parson, I am pleased howsoever it be. And I, quoth the Tanner. Why then (quoth she) with this Cup of Claret wine & Sugar, I heartily drink to the Minstrels-boy. Why is it he you love best, quoth the Parson? I have reason, said she, to like and love them best, that will be least offended with my doings. Nay widow (quoth they) we meant you should drink to him whom you loved best in the way of marriage. Quoth the widow, you should have said so at first: but, to tell you my opinion, it is small discretion for a woman to disclose her secret affection in an open assemblie: therefore, if to y purpose you speak, let me intreat you both to come home to my house on thursday next, where you shall be heartily welcome, and there be fully resolved of my mind: And so, with thanks at this time, I'le take my leave. The shot being paid, and the Musitians pleased, they all departed, the Tanner to

Wallingford.

Wallingford, the Parson to Speen, and the Widow to her own house: where in her wonted solemness she settled her self to her business.

Against Thursday she drest her house fine and brave, and set her self in her best apparel: the Taylor nothing forgetting his promises, sent to the Widow a good fat Pig, and a Goose. The Parson being as mindful as he, sent to her house a couple of fat Rabbets & a Capon. And the Tanner came himself, and brought a good shoulder of Mutton, and half a dozen Chickens, besides he brought a good gallon of Sack, and half a pound of the best Sugar. The Widow received this good meat, set her maid to dress it incontinent, and when dinner time drew near, the Table was covered, and every other thing provided in convenient and comly sort.

At length the Guests being come, the Widow bad them all heartily welcome. The Priest & the Tanner seeing the Taylor, mused what he made there: the Taylor on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence. Thus looking strangely one at another, at length the Widow came out of a kitchin, in a fair train gown stuck full of silver pins, a fine white cap on her head with cuts of curious needle-work under the same, and an apron before her as white as the driven snow: then very modestly making courtesie to them all, she requested them to sit down. But by straining courtesie one with another, the Widow with a smiling countenance, took the Parson by the hand, saying, Sir, as you stand highest in the Church, so it is meet you should sit highest at the Table: & therefore, I pray you sit down there on the bench side. And Sir, said she, to the Tanner, as age is to be honored before youth for their experience, so are they to sit above batchelors for their gravity: & so she set him down on this side the Table over against the Parson. Then coming to the Taylor, she said, Batchelor, though your lot be the last, your welcom is equal with the first: & seeing your place points out it self, I pray you take a cushion and sit down. And now (quoth she) to make the board equal, & because it hath been an old saying, that three things are to small purpose, if the fourth be away: if so it may stand with your favour, I will call in a Gossip of mine to supply this void place. With a good will, quoth

quoth they, with that they brought in an old woman with scant ever a good tooth in her head, and placed her right against the Batchelor. Then was the meat brought to the board in due order by the Widows servants, her man Iohn being chiefest servitor. The Widow sate down at the tables end betweene the Parson and the Tanner, who in very good sort carved meat for them all, her man Iohn waiting at the Table.

After they had sitten a while, and well refreshed themselves, the Widow taking a Christal glass fill'd with Claret wine, drank unto the whole company, and bad them welcome. The Parson pledged her, and so did al the rest in due order but still in their company the cup past over the poor old woman's nose, insomuch that the old woman (in merry vein) spake thus unto the company: I have had much good meat among you, but as for the drink, I can nothing commend it. Ales, good Gossip, (quoth the Widow) I perceive no man hath drunk to thee yet. No, truly quoth the old woman, for Church-men have so much mind of young Rabbets, old men such joy in young Chickens, Batchelors in Pigs flesh take such delight, that an old Sow, a tough Hen, or a gray Cony are not accepted: and so it is seen by me, else I should have been better remembred. Well, old woman, quoth the Parson? take here the leg of a capon to stop thy mouth. No, by S. Anne, I dare not, quoth she. No? Wherefore, said the Parson? Marry for fear lest you should go home with a Crutch, quoth she. The Taylor said, then taste here a piece of Goose. No God forbid, said the old Woman, let Goose go to his kind: you have a young stomach, eat it your self, & much good it may do your heart, sweet young man. The old woman lacks most of her teeth, quoth the Tanner, and therefore a piece of tender Chick, is fittest for her. If I did lack as many of my teeth, quoth the old woman, as you lack points of good husbandry I doubt I should starve before it were long. At this the Widow laugh't heartily, and the men were struck into such a dump, that they had not a word to say. Dinner being ended, the Widow with the rest rose from the table, and after they had sitten a pretty while merrily talking, the widow called to her man Iohn to bring her a Bowl of fresh Ale, which he did. Then said the Widow: My Masters, now

for your courteſie and coſt I heartily thank you all; and in requitall of all your favour, love, and good will, I drink to you, giving you free liberty when you pleaſe to depart. At theſe words her ſutors looked ſo ſowrely one upon another, as if they had been newly champing of crabs. Which when the Taylor heard, ſhaking up himſelf in his new ruſſet jerkin, and ſetting his hat on one ſide, he began to ſpeak thus. I truſt ſweet Widow (quoth he) you remember to what end my coming hither was to day. I have long time been a Sutor unto you, and this day you promiſed to give me a direct anſwer. 'Tis true, quoth ſhe, and ſo I have: for your love I give you thanks and when you pleaſe you may depart. Shall not I have you, ſaid the Taylor? Alas (quoth the widow) you come too late. Good friend (quoth the Tanner, it is manners for young men to let their elders be ſerved before them: to what end ſhould I be here if the Widow ſhould have thee? a flat denial is meat for a ſaucie Sutor: but what ſayeſt thou to me, fair Widow (quoth the Tanner?) Sir ſaid ſhe, becauſe you are ſo ſharp ſet, I would wiſh you as ſoon as you can to wed. Appoint the time your ſelf quoth the the Tanner. Even as ſoon (quoth ſhe) as you can get a wife, and hope not after me, for I am already promiſed. Now Tanner you may take your place with the Taylor quoth the Parſon, for indeed the Widow is for no man but my ſelf. Maſter Parſon (quoth ſhe) many have run near the Goal, and yet loſt the game: and I cannot help it though your hope be in vain: beſides Parſons are but newly ſuffered to have Wives, and for my part I will have none of the firſt head. What (quoth the Taylor) is your merriment grown to this reckoning? I never ſpent a Pig and a Goſe ſo ſad a purpoſe before: I promiſe you when I came in, I verily thought that you were invited by the Widow to make her ſ meaſure together, ſ that the jolly Tanner was brought to be a witneſs to the contract: and the old woman fetch't in for the ſame purpoſe: elſe I would never have put up ſo many dry Bobs her hands. And ſurely quoth the Tanner, I knowing thee to be a Taylor, did aſſuredly think that thou waſt appointed to come ſ take meaſure for our wedding apparell. But now we are all deceived, quoth the Parſon, and

therefore

therefore as we came fooles; so we may depart hence like asses. That is as you interpret the matter, said the Widow: for I ever doubting that a concluding Answer would breed a jarr in the end among you every one, I thought it better to be done at one instant, and in mine own House, than at sundry times, and in common Taverns: And as for the meat you sent, as it was unrequested of me, so had you your part thereof, and if you think good to take home the remainder, prepare your Wallets and you shall have it. Nay Widow, quoth they, although we have lost our labours, we have not altogether lost our manners: that which you have, keep, and God send to us better luck, and to you your hearts desire; and with that they departed.

The Widow being glad she was thus rid of her Guests, when her man Iohn and all the rest sate at Supper, she sitting in a Chair by, spake thus unto them. Well my Masters, you saw this day that your poor Dame had her choice of husbands, if she had listed to marry; and such as would have loved and maintain'd her like a woman. 'Tis true quoth Iohn, and I pray God you have not withstood your best fortune. Trust me (quoth she) I know not, but if I have, I may thank mine own foolish fancy.

Thus it past on from Bartholomew-Tide, till it was nèer Christmas, at what time the weather was so wonderful cold, that all the running rivers round about the town were frozen very thick. The widow being very loth any longer to lie without company, in a cold winters night made a great fire, and sent for her man Iohn: having also a Chair and a Cushion, she made him sit down therein, & sending for a pint of good Sack, they both went to Supper.

In the end Bed time coming on, she caused her Maid in a merriment to pluck off his hose and shoes, and caused him to be laid in his Masters best bed, standing in the best Chamber, hung round about with very fair Curtains. Iohn being thus preferred, thought himself a Gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labor, and a good Supper, quickly fell asleep.

About midnight, the Widow being cold on her feet, crept in to her man's Bed to warm them. Iohn feeling one lift up the

Cloathes, asked who was there? O good Iohn, it is I, quoth the Widow, the night is so extream cold, and my chamber walls so thin, that I am like to be starved in my Bed: wherefore, rather then I would any way hazard my healthy, I thought it much better to come hither to try your courtesie, to have a little room beside you.

Iohn being a kind young man, would not say her nay, and so they spent the rest of the night both together in one bed. In the morning betime she rose up and made her self ready, and willed her man Iohn to run & fetch her a Link with all spæd: for, quoth she, I have earnest business to do this morning. Her man did so. Which done she made him to carry the Link before her untill she came to St. Bartholomew's Chappell, where Sir Iohn the Priest, with the Clerk, and Sexton, stood waiting for her. Iohn, quoth she, turn into the Chappel, for before I go further, I will make my Prayers to St. Bartholomew, so shall I spæd the better in my business. When they were come in, the Priest, according to his order, came to her, & asked where the Bridegroom was? Quoth she, I thought he had bæn here before me. Sir (quoth she) I will sit down and say over my Beads, and by that time he will come. Iohn mused at this matter to sæ that his Dame should so suddenly be Married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The widow rising from her prayers, & priest told her that the Bridegroom was not yet come. Is it true, quoth the widow? I promise you I will stay no longer for him, if he were so good as George a Green, and therefore dispatch, quoth she, and Marry me to my man Iohn. Why Dame, quoth he, you do but jest I trow. Iohn (quoth she) I jest not, for I mean it shall be, and stand not strangely, but remember that you did promise me on your Faith, not to hinder me, when I came to the Church to be married, but rather to set it forward: therefore set your link a side, and give me your hand, for none but you shall be my husband. Iohn sæing no remedy, consented, because he saw the matter could not otherwise be amended; and married they were presently. When they were come home, Iohn entertained his Dame with a kiss: which the other servants sæ, thought him somthing fawcy. The widow caused the best

beſt Chær in the houſe to be ſet on the Table, and to breakfaſt they went, cauſing her new husband to be ſet in a chair at the Tables end with a fair Napkin laid on his Trencher: then ſhe called out the reſt of her ſervants, willing them to ſit down and take part of their good chær. They wondering to ſee their fellow John ſit at the Tables end in their old Maſter's Chair, began hearkily to ſmile, then openly laughed at the matter, ſpecially becauſe their Dame ſo kindly ſate by his ſide: which ſhe perceiving, asked if that were all the manners they could ſhew before their Maſter: I tell you (quoth ſhe) he is my husband, for this morning we were Married, and therefore henceforward look you acknowledge your Duty towards him. The folks looked one upon another, marvelling at this ſtrange News. Which when John perceived, he ſaid: My maſter's, muſe not at all: for although by Gods Providence, and your Dame's Favor I am preferred from being your fellow, to be your Maſter; I am not thereby ſo much puft up in Pride, that any way I will forget my former Eſtate: Notwithſtanding ſeeing I am now to hold the Place of a Maſter, it ſhall be Wiſdom in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am; and in doing your diligence, you ſhall have no cauſe to repent that God made me your Maſter. The Servants hearing this, as alſo knowing his good Government before time, paſt their years with him in dutiful manner.

The next day, the report was all over the Town, that Jack of Newbery had married his Dame: ſo that when the Woman walked abroad, every one bad God give her joy: ſome ſaid that ſhe was match't to her ſorrow; ſaying, that ſo lufty a youngman as he, would never love her being ſo ancient. Whereupon the Woman made anſwer, That ſhe would take him down in his Wedding ſhoes, & would trie his patience in the prime of his luſtineſs: Whereupon many of her Goſſips did likewiſe encourage her. Every day therefore for the ſpace of a moneth after ſhe was married, it was her ordinary cuſtome, to go forth in the morning among her goſſips and acquaintance to make merry, and not return home till night, without any regard of her houſhold. Of which at her coming home, her husband did

ber

very oftentimes admoniſh her in very gentle ſort, ſhewing what great inconvenience would grow thereby: the which ſometime ſhe would take in gentle part, and ſometime in diſdain ſaying:

I am now in very good caſe, that he which was my Servant but the other day, will now be my Maſter: this it is for a woman to make her foot her head. The day hath bin when I might have gone forth when I would, and come in again when it had pleaſed me, without controlement: and now I muſt be ſubject to every Jacks check. I am ſure (quoth ſhe) that by my gadding abroad, and careleſs ſpending. I waſte no goods of thine, I pittying thy poverty made thee a man, and Maſter of the Houſe but not to the end I ſhould become thy ſlave, I ſcorn, I tell thee true that ſuch a youngling as thy ſelf ſhould correct my conceit, and give me inſtructions, as if I were not able to guide my ſelf: but yfaith, yfaith, you ſhall not uſe me like a Babe, nor bridle me like an Aſs: and ſeeing my going abroad grieves thee, where I have gone forth one day, I will go abroad three, and for one hour, I will ſtay five, Well (quoth her Husband) I truſt you will be better adviſed: and with that he went from her about his buſineſs, leaving her ſweating in her fuſtian furies.

Thus the time paſt on, till on a certain day ſhe had bin abroad in her wonted manner, and ſtaying forth very late, he ſhut the doors and went to bed. About midnight ſhe comes to the door, and knocks to come in: to whom he looking out of the window, anſwered in this ſort:

What? is it you that keep ſuch a knocking? I pray you get hence, and requeſt the Conſtable to provide you a bed, for this night you ſhall have no lodging here. I hope quoth ſhe, you will not ſhut me out of doores like a dog, nor let me lie in the ſtreets like a Strumpet. Whether like a dog or a Drab, quoth he, all is one to me, knowing no reaſon but that as you have ſtaied out all day for your delight, ſo you may lie forth all night for my pleaſure. Both Birds & Beaſts, at the nights approach prepare to their reſt, and obſerve a convenient time to return to their habitation. Look but upon the poor Spider, the Frog, the Flie, and every other ſilly worm, and you ſhall ſee

all

all these observe time to return to their home; and if you, being a woman, will not do the like, content your self to bear the brunt of your own folly, and so farewell.

The woman hearing this, made piteous moan, and in very humble sort intreated him to let her in, and to pardon this offence, and while she lived, vowed never to do the like. Her husband at length being moved with pity towards her, slipt on his shoes, and came down in his shirt: the door being opened, in she went quaking, and as he was about to lock it again, in very sorrowful manner she said, Alack husband what hap have I? My wedding Ring was even now in my hand, and I have let it fall about the door, good sweet John come forth with the candle, and help me to seek it. The man in continent did so, and while he sought for that which was not there to be found, she whipt into the house, and quickly clapping to the door, she lock't her husband out. He stood calling with the candle in his hand to come in, but she made as if she heard not. Anon she went up into her chamber, and carried the Key with her: but when he saw she would not answer, he presently began to knock as loud as he could at the door. At last she thrust her head out at the window, saying, who is there? Tis I quoth John, what mean you by this? I pray you come down and open the door that I may come in.

What sir, quoth she is it you? have you nothing to do but dance about the streets at this time of night, and like a Spirit of the Buttery hunt after crickets? are you so hot that the house cannot hold you? Nay, I pray thee sweet heart, quoth he, do not gibe any longer but let me in. O sir, remember, quoth she, how you stood even now at the window, like a Iudge on the Bench, and in taunting sort, kept me out of my own House. How now, Iack, am I even with you? What, John my man, were you so lusty to lock your Dame out of doors? Sirra, remember you bad me go to the Constable to get lodging, now you have leisure to try if his Wife will prefer you to a Bed. You sir sawce, that made me stand in the cold till my feet did freeze, and my teeth chatter, while you stood preaching of Birds and Beasts, telling me a tale of Spiders Flies, and Frogs; go try now if any of them will be so

friendly

friendly to let thée have lodging. Why go you not man? fear not to speak with them, for I am sure you shall find them at home: think not they are such ill husbands as you to be abroad at this time of night.

With this Iohns patience was greatly moved, insomuch that he deeply swore, that if she would not let him in, he would break down the dore. Why Iohn, quoth she: you need not be so hot, your cloathing is not so warm: and because I think this will be a warning unto you against another time how you shut me out of my house, Catch, there is the Key, come in at thy pleasure: and look thou go to bed to thy fellows, for with me thou shalt not lie this night. With that she clap't to the Casement, and got her to Bed, locking the chamber dore fast. Her husband that knew it was in vain to seek to come into her chamber, and being no longer able to indure the cold, got him a place among his Prentices, and there slept soundly. In the morning his wife rose betime & merrily made him a cawdle, and bringing it to his Bed, asked him how he did?

Quoth Iohn, troubled with a shrew, who the longer she lives the worse she is: and as the People of Illyris kill men with their looks, so she kills her Husbands heart with untoward Conditions. But trust me Wife, quoth he, seeing I find you of such crooked qualities, that (like the Spider) ye turn the sweet flowers of good counsel into venemous Poyson, from hence forth I will leave you to your own wilfulness, & neither vex my mind, nor trouble my self to restrain you: the which if I had wisely done last night, I had kept the house in quiet, and my self from cold. Husband (quoth she) think that women are like Starlings, that will burst their Gall before they will yield to the Fowler: or like the fish Scolopendra that cannot be touch't without danger. Notwithstanding as the hard Stéel doth yield to the hammers streak, being used to his kind, so will women to their husbands, where they are not too much crost. And seeing you have sworn to give me my Will, I vow likewise that my wilfulness shall not offend you. I tel you husband, the noble nature of women is such, that for their loving friends they will not stick (like the Pelican) to pierce their own hearts to do them good. And therefore forgiving each other all

injuries

injuries paſt: having alſo tried one anothers patience, let us quench theſe burning coals of contention, with the ſweet juyce of a faithful kiſs, and ſhaking hands, bequeath all our anger to the eating up of this Candle. Her Husband courteouſly conſented, and after this time, they lived long together, in moſt godly, loving and kind ſort, till in the end ſhe died, leaving her husband wondrous wealthy.

CHAP. II.

Of *Iack* of *Newbery* his great wealth and number of ſervants: and alſo how he brought the Queen *Katherine* two hundred and fifty men prepared for the War, at his own coſt againſt the King of Scots at *Flodden field*.

NOw Iack of Newbery being a widower, had the choice of many wives, mens daughters of good credit, and widows of great wealth. Notwithſtanding he bent his onely liking to one of his own ſervants, whom he had try'd in the guiding of his houſe a year or two: & knowing her to be careful in her buſineſs, faithful in her dealing, & an excellent good huswife, thought it better to have her with nothing, then ſome other with much treaſure. And beſide, as her qualities were good ſo was ſhe of very comely perſonage, of a ſweet favor, and fair complexion. In the end he opened his mind unto her, & craved her good will. The maid (though ſhe took this motion kindly) ſaid ſhe would do nothing without conſent of her parents. Whereupon a letter was writ to her Father, being a poor man living in Alisbury in Buckinghamſhire: who being joyful of his daughters good fortune, ſpædily came to Newbery, where of her maſter he was friendly entertained: who after he had made him good cheer, ſhewed him all his ſervants at work, and every office in his houſe.

Within one room being large and long,
There ſtood two hundred looms full ſtrong:
Two hundred men the truth is ſo,
Wrought in theſe Looms all in a row,
By every one a pretty boy,
Sate making quils with mickle joy.
And in another place hard by,
An hundred Women merrily,
Were carding hard with joyful cheer,
Who ſinging ſate with voyces cleer,

And in a Chamber cloſe beſide,
Two hundred Maidens did abide,
In petticoats of Stammel red,
And milk white Kerchers on their head:
Their ſmock ſleeves like to winter-ſnow,
That on the Weſtern Mountains flow,
And each ſleeve with a ſilken band,
Was fairly tied at the hand.
Theſe pretty Maids did never lin,
But in that place all day did ſpin;
And ſpinning ſo with voices meet,
Like Nightingales they ſung full ſweet,
Then to another Room came they,
Where Children were in poor array:
And every one ſate picking Woell,
The fineſt from the courſe to cull,
The number was ſeventeen and ten,
The Children of poor ſilly men:
And theſe their labours to requite,
Had every one a penny at night.
Beſide their meat and drink all day,
Which was to them a wondrous ſtay.
Within another place likewiſe,
Full fifty proper men he ſpies,
And theſe were Shearmen every one,
Whoſe skill and cunning there was ſhown:
And hard by them there did remain,
Full fourſcore Rowers taking pain.
A Dy-houſe likewiſe had he then,
Wherein he kept full forty men:
And likewiſe in his fulling Mill,
Full twenty perſons kept he ſtill.
Each week ten good fat Oxen he
Spent in his houſe for certainty:
Beſides good Butter, Cheeſe and Fiſh,
And many another wholeſom diſh.
He kept a Butcher all the year,
A Brewer eke for Ale and Beer:
A Baker for to bake his Bread,
Which ſtood his houſhold in good ſtead.
Five Cooks within his kitching great,
Were all the year to dreſs his meat:
Six ſcullion-boys unto their hands,
To make clean diſhes pots and pans:
Beſide poor children that did ſtay,
To turn the Broaches every day.

The old man that did see this sight,
Was much amaz'd, as well he might:
This was a gallant Clothier sure,
Whose Fame for ever shall endure.

When the old man had seen this great houshold and family, then he was brought into the ware-houses, some being fill'd with wool, some with flocks, some with woad and madder, and some with broad cloathes and kersies ready dyed & dreſſ, beside a great number of others, some stretch't on the tenters, some hanging on poles, and a great many more lying wet in other places. Sir (quoth the old man) I wis che zée you be bominable rich, and cham content you shall have my daughter, Gods dieſſing and mine light on you both.

But Father (quoth Iack of Newbery) what will you bestow with her? Marry hear you (quoth the old man) I vaith cham but a poor man, but I thank God, cham of good exclamation among myne neighbours, and they will as zoon take my dice for any thing as a richer mans: think I will bestow, you shall have with a good will, because che hear very good condemnation of you in every place, therefore chil give you twenty Nobles and a weaning Calf, and when I die and my wife, you shall have the revelation of all my goods.

When Iack heard his offer, he was streight content, making more reckoning of the womans modeſty, then her Fathers money. So the marriage day being appointed, all things were prepared meet for the wedding, and royal chéer ordained; most of the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen thereabout were invited thereunto. The Bride being attired in a gown of sheps ruſſet, and a kertle of fine woosted, her head attired with a billiment of gold, and her hair as yellow as gold hanging down behind her, which was curiously combed & pleated, according to the manner in those dayes: she was led to Church between two sweet boyes, with Bride laces and Rosemary tied about their silken sléeves; the one was son to Sir Thomas Parry, the other to Sir Francis Hungerford. Then was there a fair Bride-cup of silver and gilt carried before her, wherein was a goodly branch of Rosemary gilded very fair, hung about with silken Ribbands of all colours: next was there a noise of Musitians

that played all the way before her: after her came al the chiefeſt maidens of the country, ſome bearing great Bride-cakes, and ſome Garlands of Wheat finely gilded, and ſo ſhe paſt unto the Church.

It is needleſs here for me to make any mention here of the Bridegroom, who being a man ſo well beloved, wanted no company, and thoſe of the beſt ſort, beſide divers Merchant ſtrangers of the Stilyard, that came from London, to the Wedding. The marriage being ſolemnized, home they came in order as before: and to dinner they went, where was no want of good cheer, no lack of melody: Rheniſh wine at this wedding was as plentiful as Beer or Ale, for the Merchants had ſent thither ten tuns of the beſt wine in the Stilyard.

This wedding endured ten dayes, to the great relief of the poor that dwelt all about: and in the end the Brides Father & Mother came to pay their Daughters portion: which when the Bridegroom had received, he gave them great thanks: Notwithſtanding he would not ſuffer them yet to depart, and againſt they ſhould go home, their ſon in law came unto them, ſaying: Father and mother, all the thanks that my poor heart can yield, I give you for your good will, coſt, and courteſie, and while I live make bold to uſe me in any thing that I am able, and in requital of the gift you gave me with your daughter, I give you here twenty pound to beſtow as you find occaſion, and for your loſs of time, and charges riding up and down, I give you here as much broad-cloth as ſhall make you a Cloak, and my Mother an holiday Gown, and when this is worn out, come to me and fetch more.

O my good ſon (quoth the old woman) Chriſt benizon be with thee for evermore: for to tell the true, we had ſold all our Kine to make money for my daughters marriage, & this ſeven year we ſhould not have been able to buy more: Notwithſtanding we ſhould have ſold all that ever we had, before my poor wench ſhould have loſt her marriage. I (quoth the old man) ſhud have ſold my coat from my back, and my bed from under me, before my Girl ſhould have gone without you. I thank you good Father and Mother, ſaid the Bride, and I pray God long to keep you in health; then the Bride

kneeſ-

kneeled down & did her duty to her parents, who weeping for very joy, departed. Not long after this, it chanced while our noble King was making war in France, that James King of Scotland, falsly breaking his oath, invaded England with a great Army, and did much hurt upon the Borders: whereupon on the sudden every man was appointed according to his ability to be ready with his men & furniture at an hours warning, on pain of death. Jack of Newbery was commanded by the Justice to set out six men, four armed with Pikes, and two Calivers, and to meet the Queen in Buckinghamshire, who was there raising a great power to go against ỳ faithless king of Scots. When Jack had received his charge, he came home in all haste, & cut out a whole broad cloath for horsemens coats and so much more as would make up coats for a hundred men: in short time he had made ready fifty tall men wel mounted in white coats, & red Caps with yellow feathers, Demilances in their hands, and fifty armed men on foot with Pikes, and fifty shot in white coats also every man so expert in handling of his weapon, as few better were found in the field, himself likewise in compleat armour; on a goodly barbed horse, rode foremast of the company, with a lance in his hand, & a fair plume of yellow Feathers in his crest, and in this sort he came before the Justices: who at the first approach did not a little wonder what he should be.

At length when he had discovered what he was, the Justices and most of the Gentlemen gave him great commendations for this his good and forward mind shewed in this action: but some other envying hereat, gave out words that he shewes himself more prodigal then prudent, and more vain-glorious then well advised, seeing that the best Nobleman in the Country would scarce have done so much: & no marvel (quoth they) for such a one would call to his remembrance, that the King had often occasions to urge his subjects to such charges, therefore would do at one time as they might be able to do at another: but Jack of Newbery, like the Stork in the Spring-time thinks the highest Cedar too low to build his nest in, and ere the year be half done, may be glad to have a bed in a bush.

These disdainful speeches being at last brought to Jack of

Newberie's

Newbery's ear, though it grieved him much, yet patiently put them up till time convenient. Within a while after, all the Souldiers of Barkshire, Hampshire, & Wiltshire, were commanded to shew themselves before the Queen at Stony Stratford, where her Grace, with many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen were assembled, with ten thousand men. Against Iack should go to the Queen, he caused his face to be smeared with blood, and his white coat in like manner.

When they were come before her highnes, she demanded (above all the rest) what those white coates were: Whereupon Sir Henry Englefield (who had the leading of the Barkshire men) made answer:

May it please your Majesty to understand, that he which rideth formost there, is called Iack of Newbery, and all those gallant men in white, are his own servants who are maintained all the year by him, whom he at his own cost hath set out in this time of extremity to serve the King against his vaunting Foe: and I assure your Majesty, there is not, for the number, better Souldiers in the field.

God sir Henry (quoth the Queen) bring the man to me, that I may see him: which was done accordingly. Then Iack with all his men alighted, & humbly on their knees fell before the Queen. Her grace said, Gentlemen, arise, and putting forth her lilly white hand, gave it him to kiss. Most gracious Queen quoth he, Gentleman, I am none, nor the Son of a Gentleman, but a poor Clothier, whose Lands are his Looms, having no other Rents but what I get from the backs of little sheep, nor can I claim any other cognisance but a wooden shuttle. Nevertheless, most gracious Queen, these my poor servants and my self, with life and goods are ready at your Majesties command, not onely to spend our bloods, but also to lose our lives in defence of our King and Country.

Welcome to me Iack of Newbery, said the Queen, though a Clothier by trade, yet a Gentleman by condition, & a faithfull subject in heart: and if thou chance to have any sute in Court, make account the Queen will be thy friend, and would to God the King had many such Clothiers. But tell me, how came thy white coat besmeared with blood, and thy face to be

scratch't?

ſcratcht? May it pleaſe your Grace (quoth he) to underſtand that it was my chance to meet with a Monſter, who like the people Cynomolgy, had the proportion of a man but headed like a dog, the biting of whoſe teeth was like the poiſoned teeth of a Crocodile, his breath like the Baſiliſks, killing a far off. I ſuppoſe his Name was Envy, who aſſailed me inviſibly, like the wicked ſpirit of Mogunce, who flung ſtones at men, and could not be ſeen: and ſo I came by my ſcratch't face, not knowing what was done. What was the cauſe of this Monſter ſhould afflict thee above the reſt of thy company, or other men in the field? Although, moſt Soveraign Queen, quoth he, this poyſoned cur ſnarleth at many, and that few can eſcape the hurt of his wounded breath, yet at this time he bent his force againſt me, not for any hurt I did him, but becauſe I ſurpaſſt him in hearty affection to my Soveraign Lord, and with the poor Widdow offered all that I had to ſerve my Prince and Country. It were happy for England, ſaid the Queen, if in every market Town there were a Gibbet to hang up curs of that kind, who like Eſops dog lying in the manger, will do no good himſelf, nor ſuffer ſuch as would do any. This ſpeech being ended, the Queen cauſed her Army to be ſet in order, and in warlike manner to march toward Flodden, where King Jame's had pitched his field. But as they paſſed along with drum & trumpet, there came a Poſt from the valiant Earl of Surrey, with tydings to her Grace that now ſhe might diſmiſs her Army, for that it pleaſed God to grant the Noble Earl victory over the Scots: whom he had by his wiſdom and valiancy overcome in fight, and ſlain their K. in battel. Upon which news her Majeſty diſcharged her Forces, and joyfully took her journey to London, with a pleaſant countenance, praiſing God for her famous victory, & yielding thanks to all the Noble Gentlemen & Souldiers for their readineſs in the action, giving many gifts to the Nobility, and great rewards to the Souldiers: among whom ſhe nothing forgot Jack of Newbery, about whoſe neck ſhe put a rich chain of Gold: at what time he with all the reſt gave a great ſhout, ſaying: God ſave Katherine the Noble Queen of England. Many noble men of Scotland were taken priſoners

at

at this battel, and many more slain: so that there never came a greater foil to Scotland then this: for you shall understand that the Scottish King made full account to be Lord of this Land, watching opportunity to bring to pass his faithless and traiterous practice: which was when our King was in France, at Turney and Turwin: in regard of which Wars the Scots vaunted there was none left in England, but beards and plough-men, who were not able to lead an Army, having no skil in martial affairs. In consideration of which advantage, he invaded the Countrey, boasting of victory before he had won: which was no small grief to Queen Margaret his wife, who was eldest sister to our Noble King. Wherefore, in disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victory, the Commons of England made this Song: which to this day is not forgotten of many.

THE SONG.

KIng *Jamie* hath made a vow,
Keep it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely *London*,
Upon Saint *James* his day.

Upon Saint *James* his day at noon,
at fair *London* will I be;
And all the Lords in merry *Scotland*,
they shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good Queen *Margaret*,
the tears fell from her eye:
Leave of these wars most noble King,
keep your fidelity.

The water run's swift & wonderous
from bottom unto the brim: (deep
My Brother *Henry* hath men good
England is hard to win. (enough

Away (quoth he) with this silly
in prison fast let her lye: (fool,
For she is come of the English Blood
and for these words she shall die.

With that bespake L. *Thomas Howard*
the Queens Chamberlain that day.
If that you put Queen *Margaret* to
Scotland shall rue it alway. (death,

Then in a rage King *Jamie* did say
away with this foolish Mome:
He shall be hang'd, and the other
so soon as I come home. (burn'd,

At *Flodden field* the Scots came in,
which made our English men fain:
At *Bramstone green* this Battel was
there was King *Jamie* slain. (seen

Then presently the Scots did flie;
their Cannons they left behind:
Their ensigns gay were won all away
our Souldiers did beat them blind.
(were slain,
To tell you plain, twelve thousand,
that to the fight did stand:
And many a Prisoner took that day
the best in all *Scotland*.

That

That day made many a fatherleſs child
and many a widow poor:
And many a Scottiſh gay Lady,
ſate weeping in her Bower.

Jack with a Fether was lapt all in lether
his boaſtings were all in vain.
He had ſuch a chance with new morrice dance
he never went home again.

CHAP. III.

How *Jack* of *Newbery* went to receive the King, as he went a progreſs into Barkſhire: and how he made him a Banquet in his own Houſe.

ABout the tenth year of the Kings reign, his Grace made his progreſs into Barkſhire, againſt which time Jack of Newbery cloathed 30 tall fellows, being his houſhold ſervants in blew coats, faced with Sercenet, every one having a good ſword and buckler on his ſhoulder, himſelf in a plain ruſſet coat, a pair of white kerſie breeches, without welt or gard, and ſtockings of the ſame piece ſowed to his ſlops, which had a great cod-piece, whereon he ſtuck his pins: who knowing the King would come over a certain meadow, near, adjoyning to the Town: got himſelf thither with all his men: & repairing to a certain Ant-hill, which was in the field took up his ſeat there, cauſing his men to ſtand round about the ſame with their ſwords drawn.

The King coming near the place with the reſt of his Nobility, & ſeeing them ſtand with their drawn weapons, ſent to know the cauſe, Garret King at Arms was the Meſſenger, who ſpake in this ſort. Good fellows, the Kings Majeſty would know to what end you ſtand hear with ſwords and bucklers prepared to fight. With that Jack of Newbery ſtarted up, and made this anſwer. Harrold (quoth he) return to his highneſs, it is poor Jack of Newbery, who being ſcant Marqueſs of a mole-hill, is choſen Prince of Ants, and here I ſtand with my weapons and Guard about me to defend and keep theſe my poor and painful ſubjects, from the force of the idle Butterflies, their ſworn enemies, leſt they ſhould diſturb their quiet Common-wealth who this Summer ſeaſon are making their winters proviſion.

The Meſſenger returning, told his Grace that it was one Jack of Newbery that ſtood there with his men about him to guard (as they ſay) a company of Ants, from the furious wrath

of the Prince of Butterflies. With this news the King heartily laught, saying, indeed it is no marvel he stands so well prepared, considering what a terrible Tyrant he hath to deal withall. Certainly my Lords (quoth he) this seems to be a pleasant fellow, and therefore we will send to talk with him. The Messenger being sent, told Jack he must come speak with the King. Quoth he, his Grace hath a horse, and I am on foot, therefore will him to come to me: beside that, while I am away, our enemies might come and put my people in hazzard, as the Scots did England, while our King was in France. How dare the Lamb be so bold with the Lyon, quoth the Herald? Why, quoth he, if there be a Lyon in the field, here is never a Cock to fear him: and tell his Majesty, he might think me a very bad Governor that would walk aside upon pleasure, and leave my people in perill. Herald (quoth he) it is written, he that hath a charge must look to it, and so tell thy Lord my King. The Message being done, the King said, My Lords, seeing it will be no other, we will ride up to the Emperor of the Ants, that is so careful in his Government. At the King's approach, Jack of Newbery, and his servants put up all their weapons, & with a joyful cry flung up their caps in token of Victory. Why how now my Masters (quoth the King) is your wars ended? let me see where the Lord General of this great Camp is? With that, Jack of Newbery with all his servants fell on their knees, saying, God save the King of England, whose sight hath put my foes to flight, and brought great peace to the poor labouring people. Trust me (quoth our King) here be pretty fellows to fight against Butterflies: I must commend your courage, that dares withstand such mighty gyants. Most dread Soveraign (quoth Jack) not long ago, in my conceit, I saw the most provident Nation of the Ants summoned their chief Peeres to a Parliment which was held in the famous city Dry Dusty, the one and thirtieth day of September: whereas, by their wisdoms, I was chosen their King at what time also many bills of complaint were brought in against ill members in the Common-wealth: among whom the Mole was attained of high treason to their state, & therefore was banished for ever from their quiet Kingdom: so was

the

the Grashopper and the Catterpiller, because they were not only idle, but also lived upon the labors of other men: amongst the rest, the Butterfly was much misliked, but few durst say any thing to him, because of his golden apparel: who through sufferance grew so ambitious and malepart, that the poor Ant could no sooner get an egg in her nest but he would have it away, ann especially against Easter, which at length was misliked. This painted Ass took snuff in the nose, and assembled a great many other of his own coat, by windy wars to root these painful people out of the land, that he himself might be seated above them all. (These were proud Butterflyes quoth the King.) Whereupon I with my men (quoth Iack) prepared our selves to withstand them, till such time as your Majesties royal presence put them to flight.

Tush, (said the King) thou must think that the force of flies is not great. Notwithstanding (quoth Jack) their gay gowns make poor men afraid. I perceive (quoth Cardinal Wolsey) that you being King of Ints, do carry a great grudg to the Butterflies. I, quoth Jack, we be as great foes as the fox and the snakes are friends: for the one of them being subtile, loves the other for his craft: but now I intend to be no longer a Prince, because the Majesty of a King hath eclips't my glory: so that looking like the Peacock on my black feet makes me abase my vain glorious feathers; and humbly I yield unto his Majesty all my soveraign rule and dignity, both of life and goods, casting my weapons at his feet, to do any service wherein his Grace shall command me. God, a mercy good Jack (quoth the King) I have often heard of thee, and this morning I mean to visit thy house.

Thus the King with great delight rode along until he came to the towns end, where a great multitude of people attended to see his Majesty: where also Quæn Katherine with all her train met him. Thus with great rejoycing of the Commons, the King & Quæn passed along to this jolly Clothiers house, where the good wife of the house with threescore Maidens attending on her, presented the King with a Bee-hive, most richly gilt with gold, and the Bees therein were also gold, curiously made by Art, & out of the top of the same hive sprung a

flourishing green tree, which bore golden Apples, and at root thereof lay divers Serpents seeking to destroy it, whom Prudence and Fortitude trod under their feet, holding this inscription in their hands.

Loe here presented to your Royall sight
the figure of a flourishing common-wealth:
Where vertuous subjects labour with delight,
and beat the drones to death that live by stealth.
Ambition, Envy, Treason, lothsom serpents be,
which seek the downfall of this fruitfull tree.

But Lady prudence with deep searching eye,
their ill intended purpose doth prevent:
And noble Fortitude standing alwayes nigh,
disperst their power prepar'd with bad intent.
Thus they are foil'd that mount by means unmeet,
And so like slaves are troden under feet.

The King favourably accepted this Embleme, & receiving it at the womans hands, willed Cardinal Wolsey to look thereon, commanding it should be sent to Windsor Castle. This Cardinal was at that time Lord Chancellor of England, and a wonderful proud Prelat, by whose means great variance was set betwixt the King of England and the French King, the Emperor of Almain, & divers other Princes of Christendom, whereby the traffick of those Merchants was utterly forbidden, which bred a general woe through England, especially among Clothiers: insomuch that having no sale for their cloth, they were fain to put away many of their people which wrought for them, as hereafter more at large shall be declared.

Then was his Majesty brought into a great Hall, where four long tables were ready covered: and passing through that place, the King & Queen came into a fair and large Parlor hung about with goodly Tapestry, where was a Table prepared for his highness, and the Queens grace. All the flow where the King sate was covered with broad cloaths, instead of green rushes: these were those pieces of the finest Wool of an Azur color, valued at an hundred pound a cloth, which afterward was given to his Majesty. The King being set with the chiefest of his Counsel about him, after a delicate dinner

dinner, a sumptuous Banquet was brought in, served all in Glass: the description whereof were too long for me to write, and you to read. The great Hall was also filled with Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, who were attended by no other but by the servants of the house. The Ladies of honor and Gentlewomen of the Court were all seated in another Parlor by themselves: at whose Table the Maidens of the house did wait in decent sort. The serving men by themselves, and the Pages and Footmen by themselves upon whom the Prentices did attend most diligently. During the Ks. abiding in this place, there was no want of delicates: rhenish wine, Claret wine, and Sack was as plentiful as small Ale. Then from the highest to lowest, they were served in such sort, as no discontent was found any way, so that great commendations redounded to the good man of the house. The L. Cardinal that of late found himself gall'd by the Allegory of the Ants, spake in this wise to the K. If it should please your highness (quoth he) but to note the vain glory of these Artificers you should find no small cause of dislike in many of their Actions. For an instance, the fellow of this house, he hath not stuck this day to undoe himself, onely to become famous by receiving your Majesty: like Herostratus the Shoomaker, that burned the Temple of Diana, only to get himself a name, more then for any affection he bears to your Grace, as may well be proved by this: let there be but a simple Subsidie levied upon them for the assistance of your Highness wars, or any other weighty affairs of the Common-wealth & state of the Realm, though it be not the Twentieth part of their substance, they will so grudg & repine, that it is wonderful, & like people desperate cry out, They are quite undone. My Lord Cardinal, quoth the Quæn (under correction of my L. the King) I durst lay a hundred pound Jack of Newbery was never of that mind, nor is not at this instant: if ye ask him, I warrant he will say so. My self also had a proof thereof at the Scotch invasion, at what time this man being scanted but at six men, brought (at his own cost) an hundred and fifty men into the field. I would I had more such subjects said the King, many of so good a mind. So

to

ho Harry (quoth Will Summers) then had not Empſon and Dudley bẽn chronicled for knaves, nor ſent to the Tower for Treaſon. But when they had not known the pain of impriſonment, quoth our King, who with their ſubtility grieved many others. But their ſubtilities were ſuch that it brake their necks, quoth Will Summers. Whereat the King & Quẽn laughing heartily, roſe from the Table, By which time Jack of Newbery, had cauſed all his folks to go to their work, that his Grace and all the Nobility might ſee it; ſo indeed the Quẽn had requeſted. Then came his Highneſs where he ſaw a hundred Looms ſtanding in one room, and two men working in every one, who pleaſantly ſung in this ſort.

The Weavers Song.

WHen *Hercules* did uſe to ſpin,
And *Pallas* wrought upon the Loom,
Our trade to flouriſh did begin,
while conſcience went not ſelling Broom,
Then love and friendſhip did agree,
to keep the bands of amity.

When Princes Sons kept ſheep in field,
and Queens made Cakes of wheated flower,
The men to lucre did not yeeld,
which brought good cheer in every Bower,
Then love and friendſhip did agree,
to hold the bands of amity.

But when the Gyants huge and high,
did fight with Spears like Weavers Beams,
Then they in Iron Beds did lye,
and brought poor men to hard extreames.
Yet love and friendſhip did agree,
to hold the bands of amity.

Then *David* took his ſling and ſtone,
not fearing great *GOLIAH'S* ſtrength:
He peare't his brains and broke the bone,
though he were fifty foot of length.
For love and friendſhip, &c.

But while the *Greeks* beſieged *Troy*,
Penelope apace did ſpin:
And Weavers wrought with mickle joy,

Though little gaines were coming in.
For love and friendſhip, &c

Had *Helen* then ſate carding wooll,
(whoſe beautious face did breed ſuch ſtrife)
She had not been ſir *Paris* trull,
nor cauſed ſo many to looſe their life,
Yet we by love did ſtill agree,
to hold the bands of amity.

Or had King *Priam's* wanton ſon,
been making quills with ſweet content,
He had not then his friends undone,
when he to *Greece a gadding* went.
For love and friendſhip did agree, &c.

The Cedar trees indure more ſtorms,
then little ſhrubs that ſprout on high:
The Weavers live more void of harms,
then Princes of great dignitie,
While love and friendſhip doth agree, &c.

The ſhepherd ſitting in the field,
doth tune his pipe with hearts delight:
When Princes watch with Spear and Shield
the poor man ſoundly ſleeps all night.
While love and friendſhip doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily tri'd,
for Gods good gifts we are ingrate,
And no man through the world ſo wide,
lives well contented with his ſtate.
No love and friendſhip we can ſee,
to hold the hands of amity.

Well ſung good fellows, ſaid our King, Light hearts and merry minds live long without gray haires. But (quoth Will Summers) ſeldome without red noſes. Well, ſaid the King, there is a hundred angels to make good chear withall: and look that every year once you make a feaſt among your ſelves, and frankly (every year) I give you leave to fetch four Bucks out of Denington Park, without any mans let or controulement. O I beſeech your Grace (quoth Will Summers) let it be with a condition, What is that, ſaid our King? My Liege, quoth he, that although the keeper will have the skins;

yet

yet they may give their wives the hose. Go to, ſaid the Queen, thy head is fuller of knavery, than thy purſe is of Crowns. The poor workmen humbly thanked his Majeſty for his bountiful liberality: and ever ſince it hath been a cuſtom among the Weavers, every year preſently after Bartholomew-tide in remembrance of the Kings favour to meet together and make a merry feaſt. His Majeſty came next among the ſpinners & carders, who were merrily a working: whereat Will Summers fell into a great laughter. What ails the fool to laugh, ſaid the King? Marry (quoth Will Summers) to ſee theſe Maidens get their living, as bulls do eat their meat. How is that, ſaid the Queen? By going ſtill backward, quoth Will Summers: and I will lay a wager, that they that practice ſo well being Maids to go backward, will quickly learn, ere long to fall backward.

But ſirra, ſaid the Cardinal, thou didſt fall forward when thou brokeſt thy face in maſter Kingſmiles cellar. But you my Lord ſate forward (quoth Will Summers) when you ſate in the ſtocks at Sir Amia's Paulet's. Whereat there was greater laughing then before. The King and Queen and all the Nobility heedfully beheld theſe women, who for the moſt part were very fair and comely creatures: and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after due reverence) the maidens in quiet manner chanted out this ſong, two of them ſinging the ditty, and all the reſt bearing the burden.

The Maidens Song.

IT was a Knight in *Scotland* born,
follow my love come over the ſtrand:
Was taken priſoner and left forlorn,
even by the good Earl of *Northumberland*.

Then was he caſt in priſon ſtrong,
follow my love leap over the ſtrand:
Where he could not walk nor lie along,
even by the good Earl of *Northumberland*.

And as in ſorrow thus he lay,
follow his love, come over the ſtrand:
The Earls ſweet Daughter walkt that way,

and

and ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland,

And paſſing by like an Angel bright,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand;
This priſoner had of her a ſight,
and ſhe, &c.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
The ſalt tears ſtanding in his eye,
and ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair Lady he ſaid take pitty on me,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And let me not in Priſon die,
and you the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair ſir how ſhould I take pitty on thee,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Thou being a foe to our Country,
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair Lady I am no foe, he ſaid,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Through thy ſweet love here was I ſtay'd,
for thee the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Why ſhould'ſt thou come here for love of me,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Having Wife and Children in thy Countrey,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

I ſwear by the bleſſed Trinity,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
I have no Wife nor Children I,
not dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

If courteouſly you will ſet me free,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
ſo ſoon as I come in fair Scotland.

Thou ſhalt be a Lady of Caſtles and Towers,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And ſit like a Queen in Princely bowers,
when I am at home in fair Scotland.

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And got her fathers Ring away,
to help this knight into fair Scotland.

Likewiſe much gold ſhe got by ſleight,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
to wend from her father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant ſteeds both good and able,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
She likewiſe took out of the ſtable,
to ride with the knight into fair Scotland.

And to the Jaylor ſhe ſent this Ring,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
The knight from Priſon forth did bring,
to wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token ſet the Priſoner free,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Who ſtraight went to this fair Lady,
to wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant ſteed he did beſtride,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And with the Lady away did ride,
and ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water cleer,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Good ſir how ſhould I follow you here,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

The water is rough and wonderful deep,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And on my ſaddle I ſhall not keep,
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fear not the foard fair Lady, quoth he,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
For long I cannot ſtay for thee,
and thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

The Lady prickt her wanton ſteed,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,

And over the River ſwom with ſpeed,
and ſhe, &c.

From top to toe all wet was ſhe,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
This have I done for love of thee,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode ſhe all one Winters night,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Till Edenborough they ſaw in ſight,
the faireſt town in all Scotland.

Now chuſe, quoth he, thou wanton Flower,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Where thou wilt be my Paramour,
or get thee home to Northumberland.

For I have Wife and Children five,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
In Edenborough they be alive,
then get thee home to fair England.

This favour thou ſhalt have to boot,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
I'le have my horſe, go thou on foot,
go get thee home to Northumberland.

O falſe and faithleſs knight, quoth ſhe,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And canſt thou deal ſo bad with me,
and I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Diſhonor not a Ladies name,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
But draw thy ſword, and end my ſhame,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

He took her from her ſtately ſteed,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And left her there in extream need,
and ſhe the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Then ſat ſhe down full heavily,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
At length two knights came riding by,
two gallant knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
follow my love, come over the strand,
Saying courteous Knight take pitty on me,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

I have offended my Father dear,
follow my love, come over the strand,
And by a false knight that brought me here
from the good Earl of Northumberland.

They took her up behind them then,
follow my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her Father again,
and he the good Earl of Northumberland.

All you fair maidens be warned by me,
follow my love, come over the strand,
Scots never were true, nor never will be,
to Lord nor Lady, nor fair England.

After the Kings Majesty and the Queen had heard this song sweetly sung by them, he cast them a great reward: and so departing thence went to the fulling-mills & Dy-house, where a great many were also hard at work; and his Majesty perceiving what a great number of people were by this one man set on work, both admired & commended him: saying further, that no Trade in all the Land was so much to be cherished and maintained as this, which quoth he may be well called, the life of the poor. And as the King returned from this place with intent to take horse and depart, there met him a great many of children in garments of white silk, fringed with gold, their heads crowned with golden Bayes, and about their arms each one had a scarf of green sarcenet fast tied, in their hands they bore silver bows, and under their girdles golden arrows. The foremost of them represented Diana, Goddes of Chastitie, who was attended on by a train of beautiful Nymphs, and they presented to the King four prisoners: The first was a Stern and a grisly woman, carrying a frowning countenance, and her forehead full of wrinkles, her hair as black as pitch, & her garments all bloody, a great sword she had in her hand, all stained with purple gore: they called her name Bellona Goddes of wars, who had three daughters, the first of them was a

tall

tall woman, so lean and ill favored, that her cheek bones were ready to start out of the skin, of a pale and deadly color; her eyes sunk into her head; her legs so feeble, that they could scantly carry her body; all along her arms & hands through the skin you might tell the sinews; joynts and bones; her teeth were very strong and sharp withall: she was so greedy, that she was ready with her teeth to tear the skin from her own arms: Her attire was black, and all torn, and ragged; she went bare-foted, & her name was Famine. The second was a strong and lusty woman, with a lok pittiless, and unmerciful countenance: her garments were all made of Iron and Steel, and she carried in her hand a naked weapon, & she was called the Sword. The third was also a cruel creature, her eyes did sparkle like burning coals, her hair was like a flame: and her garments like burning brass: she was so hot, that none could stand near her, and they called her name Fire.

After this they retired again, and brought unto his Highness two other personages, their countenance was Princely and amiable, their attire most rich and sumptuous: the one carried in his hand a golden Trumpet, and the other a Palm-tree; and these were called Fame and Victory, whom the Goddess of Chastitie charged to wait upon this famous Prince for ever. This done, each child after other with due reverence gave unto his Majesty a sweet smelling Gilly-flower, after the manner of the Persians, offering something in token of loyalty and obedience. The King and Quen beholding the sweet favor and countenance of these children demanded of Jack of Newbery whose children they were? Who answered: It shall please your Highness to understand, that these are the children of poor people, that do get their living by picking of wool, having scant a good meal once in a week. With that the King began to tell his Gilly-flowers, whereby he found that there were 96 children. Certainly, said the Queen, I perceive God give's as fair children to the poor as to the rich, and fairer many times: & though their dyet & keeping be but simple, the blessing of God doth cherish them: Therefore said the Queen, I will request to have two of them to wait in my chamber. Fair Katharine, said the King, thou and I have jump't in one opin-

on.

ren, thinking these children fitter for the Court then the country: whereupon he made choice of a dozen more: four he ordained to be Pages to his royal person, & the rest he sent to Universities, allotting to every one a Gentlemans living. Divers of the Noblemen did in like sort entertain some of those children into their services, so that (in the end) not one was left to pick wool, but were all so provided for, that their Parents never needed to care for them: and God so blessed them, that each of them came to be men of great account and authoritie in the land, whose posterities remain to this day worshipful and famous. The King, Queen, and Nobles being ready to depart, after great thanks and gifts given to Jack of Newberry; his Majesty would have made him Knight; but he meekly refused it, saying, I beseech your Grace let me live a poor Clothier among my people, in whose maintenance I take more felicity, then in all the vain titles of Gentillity: for these are the laboring Ants whom I seek to defend, and these be the Bees which I keep: who labor in this life, not for our selves, but for the glory of God, and to do service to our dread Sovereign. Thy Knighthood need be no hinderance of thy facultie, quoth the King. O my dread Soverign, said Jack, honor and worship may be compared to the Lake of Lethe, which makes men forget themselves that taste thereof; and to the end I may still keep in mind from whence I came, and what I am, I beseech your Grace let me rest in my russet coat a poor Clothier to my dying day. Seeing then (said the King) that a mans mind is a Kingdome to himself, I will leave thee to the riches of thy own content, and so farewell. The Queens Majesty taking her leave of the good Wife with a Princely kiss, gave her in token of remembrance a most precious and rich Diamond set in Gold, about the which was also curiously set six Rubies and six Emralds in one piece, valued at nine hundred Marks, and so her grace departed. But in this mean space Will Summers kept company among the Maids, and betook himself to spinning as they did, which then was held as a forfeit of a gallon of wine: but William by no means would pay it, except they would take it out in kisses, rating every kis at a farthing. This payment we refuse for

two

two cauſes, quoth the Maids: the one becauſe we eſteem not kiſſes at ſo baſe a rate: and the other, becauſe in ſo doing we ſhould give as much as you.

CHAP. IV.

How the Maids ſerved *Will Summers* for his ſawcineſs.

The Maidens conſented together, ſeeing Will Summers was ſo buſie both with their worke & in his words, & would not pay his forefeiture, to ſerve him as he ſerved them: firſt therefore they bound him hand and foot, and ſet him upright againſt a poſt, tying him thereto, which he took in ill part; notwithſtanding he could not reſiſt them: and becauſe he let his tongue run at random, they ſet a fair gag in his mouth, ſuch a one as he could not for his life put away: ſo that he ſtood as one gaping for wind. Then one of them got a couple of dogs droppings, and putting them in a bag laid them in ſoke in a baſon of water, while the reſt turned down the coller of his Jerkin, and put an Oaſt-cloth about his neck inſtead of a fine towel: then came the other maid with a baſon, and water in the ſame, and with the perfume in the pudding-bag ſlapt him about the face and lips till he look't like a tawnie-more, and with her hand waſht him very orderly. The ſmell being ſomwhat ſtrong, Will could by no means abide it, and for want of other language, cried, Ah ah ah ah. Fain he would have ſpet, and could not, ſo that he was fain to ſwallow down ſuch liquor as he never taſted the like. When he had a prettie while been waſhed in this ſort; at length he croucht down upon his knees, yielding himſelf to their favour: which the maidens perceiving, pulled the gag out of his mouth. He had no ſooner the libertie of his tongue, but he curſt and ſwore like a Divel. The maids that could ſcant ſtand for laughing, at laſt askt how he liked his waſhing? Gods ounds, quoth he, I was never thus waſh't nor never met with ſuch Barbers ſince I was born: let me go, quoth he, and I will give you whatſoever you will demand; therewith he caſt them an Engliſh crown. Nay quoth one of the maids, you are yet but waſht, but we will have you ere you go. Sweet maids, quoth

he,

sir, pardon my [illegible] since then you have wash't me: if I have done [illegible] your trade, forgive it me, and I will never hereafter offend you. Truly, said the maids, you have made our wheels cast their bands, and bruised the teeth of our cards in such sort, as the offence may not be remitted without great penance. As for your gold, we regard it not: therefore as you are presumed fit for the dogs, so we enjoyn you this night to serve all our hogs, which penance if you will swear with all speed to perform, we will let thee loose. O quoth Will, the huge Elephant was never more fearful of the silly sheep, then I am of your displeasures: therefore let me loose, and I will do it with all diligence. Then they unbound him, and brought him among a great company of Swine, which when Will had well viewed over, he drave out of the yard all the Sows. Why how now, quoth the maids, what mean you by this? Marry quoth Will, these be all Sows, and my penance is but to serve the Hogs. Is it true quoth they? have you overtaken us in this sort? Well, look there be not one Hog unserved we would advise you. Will Summers strip't up his sleeves very orderly, and clap't an apron about his motley hosen, and taking a pail, served the Hogs very handsomly: when he had given them all meat, he said thus:

My task is duely done,
My liberty is wone,
The Hogs have eat their crabs,
Therefore farewell you drabs.

May sole friend, quoth they, the veriest hog of all hath yet had nothing. Where the Divel is he said Will, that I see him not? Wrap't in a motley Jerkin, quoth they; take thy [illegible] nole, and thou shalt catch him by the snout. I was [illegible] so very a hog, quoth he, but I could alway spare from my own belly to give a woman. If thou do not (say they) eat (like the prodigal child) with thy fellow hogs, we will so shave thee, that thou shalt dearly repent thy disobedience. He seeing no remedy, committed himself to their mercy, and so they let him go. When he came to the court, he shewed to the King all his adventures among the weavers maidens, whereat the King and Queen laughed heartily.

CHAP. V.

CHAP. V.

Of the pictures which *Jack* of *Newberry* had in his house, whereby he encouraged his servants to seek for fame and dignity.

IN a fair and large Parlor, which was wainscoated round about, Jack of Newberry had fifteen fair pictures hanging, which were covered with Curtains of green silk, fringed with gold: which he would often shew to his friends and servants. In the first was the picture of a Shepherd, before whom kneeled a great King named Viriat, who somtime governed the people of Portugal. See here, quoth Jack, the father of a Shepherd, the son a Sovereign. This man ruled in Portugal, and made great wars against the Romans, and after that invaded Spain, yet in the end was traiterously slain.

The next was the Portraiture of Agathocles, which for his surpassing wisdom & manhood, was created King of Sicilia, and maintained battel against the people of Carthage. His Father was a poor Potter, before whom he also kneeled. And it was the use of this King, that whensoever he made a banquet, he would have as well vessels of earth as of gold set upon the table, to the intent he might always bear in mind the place of his begining, his fathers house and family.

The third was the Picture of Iphicrates an Athenian born, who banquished the Lacedemonians in plain and open battel. This man was Captain General to Artaxerxes, King of Persia, whose Father was notwithstanding a Cobler, and there likewise pictured. Eumenes was also a famous Captain to Alexander the great, whose father was no other then a Carter. The fourth was the similitude of Elius Pertinax, somtime Emperor of Rome, yet was his father but a Weaver: & afterward to give example to others of low condition to bear minds of worthy men, he caused the shop to be beautified with Marble curiously cut, wherein his father before him was wont to get his living.

The fifth was the picture of Diocletian, that so much adorned Rome with his magnifical & triumphant victories. This was a most famous Emperor, although no other then the son of a Book-binder.

Valentinian stod the next, painted most artificially: who also was crowned Emperor, and was but the son of a poor

Rope-maker, as in the same picture was expressed, where his father was painted by him using of his trade.

The seventh was the Emperor Probus, whose father being a Gardner was pictured by him holding a spade.

The eighth picture was of Marcus Aurelius whom every age honoreth, he was both a wise and prudent Emperor and yet but a cloth-weavers son.

The ninth was the proportion of the valiant Emperor Maximinius, the son of a Black-smith, who was there painted as he was wont to work at the anvil.

In the tenth table was painted the Emperor Gabienus, who at the first was but a poor shepherd.

Next to his picture was placed the pictures of two Popes of Rome, whose wisdom and learning advanced them to that dignity. The first was the lively counterfeit of Pope John the twenty two, whose father was a shoomaker: he being elected Pope, increased their rents and patrimony greatly.

The other was the picture of Pope Saxtus, the fourth of that name, being a poor Marriners son.

The thirteenth picture was of Lamusius, King of Lombardi, who was not better then the son of a common strumpet, being painted like a naked child walking in water, and taking hold of the point of a Lance, by the which he hung fast, and saved himself. The reason whereof is this: after his lewd mother was delivered of him, she unnaturally threw him into a deep stinking ditch, wherein was some water. By hap King Agilmond passed that way and found this childe almost drowned, who moving him somewhat with the point of his Launce, better to perceive what he was, the childe (though newly born) took hold thereof with one of his pretty hands not suffering it to slide or slip away again: which thing the Prince considering, being amazed at the strange force of this young little infant, caused it to be taken up, and carefully to be fostered; and because the place where he found it was called Lama, he named the childe Lamusius: who after grew to be so brave a man, and so much honored of Fortune that in the end he was crowned King of the Lumbards, who lived there in honor, and in succession after him, even unto the time of the unfortunate King Albovina, when all came to ruine, subversion and destruction.

In the fourteenth picture, Brimiſlas King of Bohemia, was moſt artificial drawn, before whom there ſtood an horſe without bridle or ſaddle, in a field where husbandmen were at plough. The cauſe why this King was thus painted (quoth Jack) was this. At the time the K. of the Bohemians died without iſſue, & great ſtrife being among the Nobility for a new King, at length they all conſented that a horſe ſhould be let into the field without bridle or ſaddle, having all determined with a moſt aſſured purpoſe to make him their King, before whom this horſe reſted. At what time it came to paſs, that the horſe firſt ſtaied himſelf before this Brimiſlas, being a ſimple creature, who then was buſie driving the Plough. They preſently made him their Sovereign, who ordered himſelf & his kingdom very wiſely: he ordained many good Laws, he compaſſed the city of Prague with ſtrong walls, beſides many other things meriting perpetual laud & commendations.

The fifteenth was the picture of Theophraſtus, a philoſopher, a counſellor of Kings, & companion of Nobles, who was but the ſon of a Taylor. Seeing then my good ſervants, that theſe men have been advanced to high eſtate and Princely dignities, by wiſdom, learning and diligence, I would wiſh you to imitate the like virtues, that you might attain the like honors, for which of you doth know what good fortune God hath in ſtore for you? there is none of you ſo poorly born, but that men of baſer birth have come to great honors: the idle hand ſhall ever go in a ragged garment, and the ſlothful live in reproach: but ſuch as do lead a virtuous life, and govern themſelves diſcretly, ſhall of the beſt be eſteemed, and ſpend their dates in credit.

CHAP. VI.

How all the Clothiers in England joined together, and with one conſent complained to the King, of their great hinderance ſuſtained for want of traffick into other Countries; whereupon they could get no ſale for their Cloth.

BY means of the wars our King had with other countries, many Merchant ſtrangers were prohibited for coming to England, and alſo our own Merchants (in like ſort) were forbidden to have dealing with France or the low-countries, by means whereof, the clothiers had moſt of their cloth lying on their hand, & the which they ſold was at ſo low a rate, that the many ſcarcely paid for the wooll & workmanſhip. Whereupon they thought to eaſe themſelves by abating the poor workmens wages: & when that

did not prevail, they turned away their people: weavers, shearmen, Spinners, & Carders, ſo that where there was a hundred looms kept in one town, there was ſcant fifty, and he that kept twenty put down ten. Many a poor man (for want of work) was hereby undon, with his wife & children, and it made many a poor widdow to ſit with an hungry belly. This bred great woe in moſt places in England. In the end Jack of Newberry intended (in the behalf of the poor) to make a ſupplication to the King: and to the end he might do it the more effectually he ſent Letters to all the chief clothing towns in England to this effect.

The Letter.

WElbeloved friends and bretheren, having a taſte of the general grief, and feeling (in ſome meaſure) the extremity of the times, I fell into conſideration by what means we might beſt expel theſe ſorrows, and recover our former commodity. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was more needful herein then a faithful unity among our ſelves. This ſore of neceſſity can no way be cured but by concord: for like as the flame conſumes the candle, ſo men through diſcord waſte themſelves. The poor hate the rich, becauſe they will not ſet them on work: and the rich hate the poor becauſe they ſeem burdenous: ſo that both are offended for want of gain. When *Belinus & Brennus* were at ſtrife, the Queen their mother in their greateſt fury perſwaded them to peace, by urging her conception of them in one womb, & mutual cheriſhing of them from their tender years. ſo let our art of clothing, which like a kind mother hath cheriſhed us with the excellency of her ſecrets, perſwade us to an unity. Though our occupation be decayed, let us not deal with it as men do by their old ſhooes, which after they have long born them out of the mire, do in the end fling them on the dung-hill, or as the husbandman doth by his Bees, who for their honey burns them. Dear friends, conſider that our Trade will maintain us, if we uphold it, and there is nothing baſe, but that which is baſely uſed. Aſſemble therefore your ſelves together, & in every town tell the number of thoſe that have their living by means of this trade: note it in a Bill, and ſend to me. And becauſe ſuits in Courts are like winter nights long and wearifom, let there be in each place a weekly collection made to defray charges: for I tell you,

Noble-

Noblemens Secretaries and cunning Lawyers have slow tongues and deaf ears: which must daily be anointed with the sweet oyle of Angels. Then let two honest discreet men be chosen, and sent out of every town to meet me at *Blackwel-Hall* in *London*, on *All-Saints* Eve, & then we will present our humble petition to the King: Thus I bid you heartily farewel.

Copies of this Letter being sealed they were sent to all the clothing towns of England, the Weavers both of Linnen and Woollen gladly received them, so that when all the Bills were brought together, there were found of ỳ Clothiers, & those they maintained 3 score thousand & 600 persons. Moreover, every clothing Town sending up 2 men to London, they were found to be 112 persons, who in very humble sort fell down before his Majesty, walking in S. James his park, & delivered unto him their petition. The King presently perusing it asked if they were all Clothiers? who answered (as it were one man) in this sort: we are (most gracious King) all poor Clothiers, & your Majesties faithful subjects, my Lords, quoth ỳ King, let these mens complaint be throughly lookt unto, & their grief redressed, for I account them in ỳ number of ỳ best Common-wealths men. As ỳ Clergy for the soul, the Souldier for defence of his country, the Lawyer to execute justice, the Husbandman to feed the belly: so is the skilful Clothier no less necessary for the clothing of the back, whom we may reckon among the chief Yeomen of our Land: and as the Chrystal sight of the eye is tenderly to be kept from harms, because it gives to the whole body light, so is the Clothier, whose cunning hand provides garments to defend our naked parts from the winters nipping frost. Many more reasons there are which may move us to redress their griefs, but let it suffice ỳ I command to have it don. With ỳ his Grace delivered the Petition to the Lord Chancellor: and all the Clothiers cried, God save the King. But as the King was ready to depart he suddenly turned about, saying, I remember there is one Jack of Newberry, I muse he had not his hand in this business, who profest himself to be a defender of true laborers. Then said the Duke of Sommerset: It may be his purse is answerable for his person. Nay, (quoth the Lord Cardinal) all his treasure is little enough to maintain wars against the Butterflies: with that Jack shewed himself

like unto the King, and privatly told his Grace of their grief anew. To whom his Majesty said: Give thy attendance at the Councel-chamber, where thou shalt receive an answer to thy content. And, so his highness departed. Finally, it was agreed ẏ the Merchants should freely traffick one with another: & ẏ proclamation thereof should be made as well on the other side of the sea, as in our Land. But it was long before this was effected, by reason the Cardinal being Lord Chancellor, put off the matter from time to time. And because the clothiers thought it best not to depart before it was ended, they gave their daily attendance at ẏ Cardinals house but spent many days to no purpose. Sometime they were answered my Lord was busie, and could not be spoken withal: or else he was asleep & they durst not awake him: or at his study, & they would not disturb him: or at his prayers, & they durst not displease him: & still one thing or other stood in the way to hinder them. At last Patch ẏ Cardinals fool, being (by their often repair thither) well acquainted with the Clothiers, came unto them and said, What, have you not spoken with my Lord yet? No truly (quoth they) we hear say he is busie, & we stay till his Grace be at leisure. Is it true, said Patch? & with ẏ in all haste he went out of the Hall, & at last came in again with a great bundle of straw on his back. Why how now Patch (quoth the Gentlemen) what wilt thou do with that straw? Marry (quoth he) I will put it under these honest mens feet, lest they should freez ere they find my Lord at leisure. This made them all to laugh: and they caused Patch to carry away his straw again. Well, well (quoth he) if it cost you a groats-worth of faggots at night, blame not me. Trust me (said Jack of Newberry) if my Lord Cardinals Father had been no better in killing of Calves, then he is in dispatching of poor mens suits, I doubt he had never worn a Mytre. This he spake betwixt themselves softly, but yet not so softly, but that he was overheard by a flattering fellow that stood by, who made it known to some of the Gentlemen, and they streight certified the Cardinal thereof.

The Cardinal (who was of a deep high spirit & lofty aspiring mind) was marvellously displeased at Jack of Newbery: wherefore in his rage he commanded & sent the Clothiers all to prison, because the one of them should not sue for ẏ others releasment. Four days lay these men in ẏ Marshalsey, till at last they made

their

their humble Petition to ye King for their release: but some of ye Cardinals friends kept it from ye Kings sight. Notwithstanding the Duke of Sommerset knowing thereof, spake with the Lord Cardinal about the matter, wishing he should speedily release them lest it breed him some displeasure: for you may perceive (quoth the Duke) how highly the King esteem's men of that faculty. Sir (quoth ye Cardinal) I doubt not but to answer their imprisonment wel enough being perswaded ye none would have given me such a quip but an Heretick: and I dare warrant you, were this Jack of Newberry well examined, he would be found to be infected with Luther's spirit, against whom our King hath of late written a most learned book: in respect whereof ye Popes holines hath intituled his Majesty Defender of the Faith: therefore I tell you, such fellows are fitter be faggots for fire, than Fathers of families: notwithstanding (at your Graces requeſt) I will release them. Accordingly ye Cardinal sent for the Clothiers before him to Whitehall, his new built house by Westminster, & there bestowing his blessing upon them, said, Though you have offended me, I pardon you: for as *Stephen* forgave his enemies that stoned him, and our Saviour those sinful men that crucified him: so do I forgive you that high trespass commited in disgrace of my birth; for herein do men come neareſt unto God, in shewing mercy & compassion. But see hereafter you offend no more, touching your suit it is granted & to morrow shal be published through *London*. This being said, they departed: & according to ye Cardinals words, their business was ended. The Stilyard Merchants joyful hereof, made ye Clothiers a great banquet. After which each man departed home, carrying tidings of their good success: so that in short space Clothing again was very good, and poor men as well set on work as before.

CHAP. VII.

How a young Italian Merchant comming to Jack of Newberries house, was greatly enamoured of one of his Maidens, and how he was served

AMong other servants which Jack of Newberry kept, there were in his house threescore maidens, which every Sunday waited on his Wife to Church, & home again, who had divers offices. Among other, 2 were appointed to keep ye beams & weights to weigh out wool to the carders & spinners, and to receive it in again by weight, 1 of them was a comly maiden fair & lovely, born of wealthy parents, & brought up in good qualities, her name was Jone. So it was ye a young wealthy Italian Mer-

chant,

chant, comming oft from London thither to bargain for cloth (for at ẏ time clothiers moſt commonly had their cloth beſpoken, and half paid for afore-hand.) This Maſter Bennedick fell greatly enamored of this maiden, & therfore offered much courteſie to her, beſtowing many gifts on her, which ſhe received thankfully: and albeit his outward countenance ſhewed his inward affection, yet Jone would take no knowledge thereof. Half ẏ day ſomtime would he ſit by her, as ſhe was weighing wooll, often ſighing and ſobbing to himſelf, yet ſaying nothing, as if he had been tongueleſs, like the men of Coromande & the other to ſpeak, for that he could ſpeak but bad Engliſh. Jone on the other ſide that well perceived his paſſions, did as it were triumph over him, as one that were bondſlave to her beauty; & although ſhe knew well enough before ẏ ſhe was fair, yet did ſhe never ſo highly eſteem of her ſelf as at this preſent: ſo ẏ when ſhe heard him either ſigh, ſob or grone, ſhe would turn her face in a careleſs ſort, as if ſhe had been born (like ẏ woman of Taprobane) without ears. When maſter Bennedick ſaw ſhe made no reckoning of his ſorrows, at length he blabber'd out this broken Engliſh, & ſpake to her in this ſort, Metreſſa Jone, be me tra & fa, me love you wod all mine heart, & if you no ſhall love me again, me know me ſhall die: ſweet Metreſſa love me; & by my fa & tra you ſhall lack nothing: Firſt, me will give you de ſilk for make you a Frog. Second, de fin Camree for make you ruffs, and de turd ſhall be for make fin hankerchef, for wipe your noſe. She miſtaking his ſpæch began to be cholerick, wiſhing him to keep that bodkin to pick his teeth. Ho, ho, Metreſſa Jone (quoth he) be Got ye angry. O Metraſſa Jone be no chate with your friend for nothing. Good Sir (quoth ſhe) keep your friendſhip for them that care for it, and fix your love on thoſe that can like you: As for me I tell you plain, I am minded not to marry. O 'tis no matter for marry, if you will come in my chamber, beſhit my bed and let me kiſs you. The maid, though ſhe were very much diſpleaſed, yet at theſe words ſhe could not forbear laughing for her life. Ah, ah, Metreſſa Jone, me be very glad to ſee you merry, hold Metreſſa Jone, hold your hand I ſay; and there is four crowns becauſe you laugh on me. I pray you Sir keep your crowns, for I need them not. Yes be Got you ſhall have them Metreſſa Jone, to keep in pox for you.

She

She that could not well understand his broken language, mistook his meaning in many things, & therefore will'd him not to trouble her any more. Notwithstanding, such was his love toward her, that he could not forbear her company, but made many journeys thither for her sake; & as a certain spring in Arcadia moves men to starve that drink of it; so did poor Bennedick, feeding his fancy on her beauty: for when he was in London, he did nothing but sorrow, wishing he had wings like the Monsters of Tartaria, that he might fly to and fro at his pleasure. When any of his friends did tell her of his ardent affection toward her, she wisht them to rub him with the sweat of a Mule, to asswage his amorous passion, or to fetch him some water in Boetica, to cool and extinguish the heat of his affection: for quoth she, let him never hope to be helpt by me. Well, quoth they, before he saw thy alluring face, he was a man reasonable and wise, but is now a stark fool, being by thy beauty bereft of wit, as if he had drunk of the river Ces, and like bewitching Circes, thou hast certainly transformed him from a Man to an Ass. There be stones in Pontus, quoth they, that the deeper they be laid in the water, the fiercer they burn: unto the which fond Lovers may very fitly be compared, who the more they are denyed, the hotter is their desire: but seeing it is so, that he can find no favor at your hands, we will shew him what you have said, & either draw him from his dumps, or leave him to his own will. Then spake one of the weavers that dwelt in the town and was a kinsman to this maid. I muse (quoth he) that Master Bennedick will not be perswaded, but like the moth play with the flame till he scorch his wings. Methinks he should forbear to love, or learn to speak, or else woe such as can answer him in his own language: for I tell you that Jone my kinswoman is no taste for an Italian. These speeches were told to Bennedick with no small addition. When our young Merchant heard the matter so plain, he vow'd to be reveng'd on the Weaver, and to see if he could find any more friendship of his wife: therefore dissembling his sorrow and covering his grief, with speed he took his journey to Newberry, and pleasantly saluted Mistris Jone, and having his purse full of crowns, he was very liberal to the workfolks, especially to Jone's kinsman, insomuch that he got his favour many times to go forth with him, promising him very largely to do great matters, and to lend him a hundred pound, wishing him to be a servant no longer: beside, he liberally bestowed on

his wife many gifts, and if she washt him but a band, he would give her an angel: if she did but send her child for a quart of wine, he would give him a shilling for his pains. The which his curteste changed ỹ weavers mind, saying, he was a very honest Gent. and worthy to have one far better than his kinswoman.

This pleased Master Benedick well, to hear them say so, notwithstanding, he made light of the matter, & many times when the weaver was at his Masters at work, the Merchant would be at home with his wife, drinking & making merry. At length time bringing acquaintance, & often conference breeding familiarity, Mr. Bennedick began somewhat boldly to jest with Gillian, saying that her sweet countenance had quite reclaimed his love from Jone, and that she only was the Mistris of his heart; and if she would lend him her love, he would give her gold from Arabia, orient pearls from India, and make her bracelets of precious diamonds. Thy garments shall be of the finest silk ỹ is made in Venice: and thy purse shall be still stuft with angels. Tell me thy mind, my love, & kill me not with unkindness, as did thy scornful kinswoman, whose disdain had almost cost me my life. O Mr. Bennedick, think not that the wives of England can be won byrewards, or inticed with fair words, as children are with plums: it may be ỹ you being merrily disposed, do speak this to try my constancy. Know then, that I esteem more the honour of my good name, then the sliding wealth of the World. Master Benedick hearing her say so, desired her, that considering it was love that forced his tongue to bewray his hearts affection, that yet she would be secret, and so for that time took his leave. When he was gone, the woman began to call her wits together, and consider of her poor estate, and withal, better to note the comlines of the person, and the sweet favour of her face: which when she had well thought upon, she began to harbour new thoughts, & to entertain contrary affections, saying: Shall I content my self to be wrapt in sheeps russet, that may swim in silk, and sit all day a carding for a groat, that may have crowns at my command? No, quoth she, I will no more bear so base a mind, but take Fortunes favours while they are to be had. The sweet Rose doth flourish but one month, nor Womens beauty but in young years: as the winters frost consumes the Summers flowers, so doth old age banish pleasant delight. O glorious Gold, quoth she, how sweet is thy smell? how pleasing

is

is thy sight? Thou subduest Princes, & overthrowest Kingdoms, then how should a silly woman withstand thy strength? Thus she rested meditating on preferment, minding to hazard her honesty to maintain her self in bravery, even as traders corrupt their consciences to gather riches. Within a day or two, master Bennedick came to her again, on whom she cast a smiling countenance. He perceiving that (according to his old custom) sent for Wine, & very merry they were. At last, in the midst of their cups, he cast out his former question: and after further conference she yielded, and appointed a time when he should come to her: for which favour he gave her half a douzen of Portigues: within an hour or two after, entring into her own conscience, thinking how sinfully she had sold her self to folly, she began thus to expostulate. God Lord, quoth she, shall I break that holy vow which I made in Marriage, & pollute my body which the Lord hath sanctified? Can I break the Commandment of my God, and not rest accursed? or be a traitor to my husband, and suffer no shame? I heard once my Brother read in a book, that Bucephalus, Alexander's steed, being a beast, would not be back't by any but the Emperor, & shall I consent to any but my husband? Artemesia, being a heathen Lady, loved her husband so well, that she drunk up his ashes, and buried him in her own bowels: and should I, being a Christian cast my husband out of my heart? the women of Rome were wont to crown their husbands heads with bays, in token of victory, & shall I give my husband horns in token of infamy: An harlot is hated of all vertuous people, and shall I make my self a whore? O my God, forgive my sin, quoth she, and cleanse my heart from these wicked imaginations. And as she thus was lamenting, her husband came home. At whose sight her tears were doubled like a River, whose stream is increased by the showers of rain. Her husband seeing this, would needs know ꝑ cause of her sorrow: but a great while she would not shew him, casting many a pitious look upon him, and shaking her head, at last she said, O my dear husband I have offended against God and thee, and made such a trespass by tongue, as hath cut a deep scar in my conscience, and wounded my heart with grief, like a sword, like Penelope so have I been wooed, but like Penelope I have not answered: Why woman, quoth he, what is the matter? If it be but the bare offence of

the tongue, why shouldest thou grive considering that womens tongues are like lambs tails, which seldom stand still: And the wise man saith, where much talk is, must néds be some offence. Womens beauties are fair marks for wandring eyes to shoot at: but as every Archer hit's not the white, so every wooer wins not his mistris favour. All Cities that are besieged, are not sack't, nor all women to be mistikt that are loved. Why wife? I am perswaded thy faith is more firm, and thy constancy greater to withstand lovers alarums, that any other but my self should obtain the fortress of thy heart. O sweet husband (quoth she) we see the strongest Tower at length falleth down by the Cannons force, though the bullets be but Iron: then how can the weak bulwark of womans breast make resistance, when the hot Cannons of deep perswading words shot off with golden bullets, and every one as big as a Portigue? If it be so Wife, I may think my self in very good case, and you to be a very honest woman. As Mars and Venus danc'd naked together in a net, so I doubt you and some knave plaid naked together in a bed: but in faith you quean, I will send thée to salute thy friends without a nose, and as thou hast sold thy honesty, so I will sell thy company. Swéet husband, though I have promised, I have performed nothing; every bargain is not effected. And therefore as Judas brought again the thirty silver plates, for the which he betrayed his Master: so repenting my folly, I'le cast him again his gold, for which I should have wronged my husband. Tell me (quoth her husband) what he is? It is Master Bennedick, quoth she, which for my love hath left the love of our kinswoman, and hath vowed himself for ever to be my servant. O dissembling Italian, quoth he, I will be revenged on him for this wrong. I knew that any favour from Jone our kinswoman, will make him run like a man bitten with a mad dog: therefore be ruled by me, and thou shalt see me dress him in his kind. The Woman was very well pleased, saying, he would be there that night. All this works well with me, quoth her husband, and to supper will I invite Jone our kinswoman, and in the mean space make up the bed in the Parlor very decently. So the good man went forth, and got a sléepy drench from the Apothecaries, the which he gave to a young sow which he had in his yard, and in the evening laid her down in the Parlor drawing the curtains round about. Supper time being come, Master Bennedick

gave

gave his attendance, loking for no other company then the good wife: Notwithstanding, at the last Mistris Jone came in with her kinswoman, & sat down to supper with them. Mr. Bennedick musing at their sudden approach, yet nevertheless glad of Mis. Jones company, past supper time with many pleasant conceits, Jone shewing her self that night more pleasant in his company then at any time before: therefore he gave the good man great thanks. God Mr. Bennedick little do you think how I have travelled in your behalf with my kinswoman, as much adoe I had to bring ỳ pæevish Wench into any good liking of your love: notwithstanding, by my great diligence & perswasions, I did at length win her good will to come hither, little thinking to find you here, or any such good chear to entertain her, all which I see so fallen out for your profit. But trust me, all the world cannot alter her mind, nor turn her love from you: In regard whereof she hath promised me this night to lye in my house, for the great desire she hath of your good company: and in requital of your great courtesies shewed to me, I am very well content to bring you to bed. Marry, this you must consider, and so she bad me tell you, that you should come to bed with as little noise as you could, and tumble nothing that you find, for fear of her best Gown, and her Hat, which she will lay hard by her beds side, next her best partlet, and in so doing you may have company with her all night, say nothing in any case till you be a bed. O, quoth he, Matre Jan, be Got Matre Jan, me will no spoil her clothes for towsand pound, ah me love Metre Jone more than my life. Well, supper being done, they rose from the table. Mr. Bennedick imbracing Mistris Jone; thankt her for her great courtesie and company, & then the good man and he walkt into the town, and Jone hyed her home to her Masters, knowing nothing of the intended jest. Master Bennedick thought every hour twain till the Sun was down, and that he were a bed with his beloved. At last he had his wish, & home he came to his friends house. Then said John, Master Bennedick, you must not in any case have a candle when you go into the chamber, for then my kinswoman will be very angry, and dark places fit best lovers desires. O Matre Jan, quoth he, 'tis no such matter for light, me shall find Metre Jone well enough in de dark. And entring in the Parlor groping about, he felt a gown and hat. O Metre Jone (quoth he) here is your gown and hat, me shall no hurt

for

for a thousand pound. Then kneeling down by the beds side, instead of Mistris Jone, he saluted the Sow in this sort. O my love, and my delight, it is thy fair face that hath wounded my heart, thy gray sparkling eyes, and thy lilly white hands, with the comely proportion of thy pretty body, that made me in seeking thee to forget my self, & to find thy favour lose my own freedom: but now is the time wherein I shall reap the fruits of a plentiful harvest, Now my dear, from thy sweet mouth let me suck the honey balm of thy breath, and with my hand stroke those Rosie cheeks of thine, wherein I have tok such pleasure. Come with thy pretty lips, and entertain me in thy bed with one gentle kiss (why speak'st not my sweet-heart?) and stretch forth thy Alablaster arms to inclose thy faithful friend. Why should ill-pleasing sleep close up the Chrystal windows of thy body so fast, & bereave thee of thy fine Lordly attendants, wherewith thou wert wont to salute thy friends? Let it not offend thy gentle ears that I thus talk to thee. If thou hast vowed not to speak, I will not break it: and if thou wilt command me to be silent, I will be dumb: but thou needest not fear to speak thy mind, seeing the cloudy night concealeth every thing. By this time Mr. Bennedick was unready, and slipt into bed, where the Sow lay swathed in a sheet, and her head bound in a great linnen cloath. As son as he was laid, he began to imbrace his new bedfellow, and laying his lips somewhat neer her snout, he felt her draw her breath very short. Why how now love (quoth he) be you sick? Metre *Jone* your breath be very strong: have you no cake a bed? The sow feeling her self disturbed, began to grunt and keep a great stur: whereat Master Bennedick (like a mad man) ran out of bed crying, de divel, de divel. The good man of the house (being purposely provided) came rushing with half a dozen of his neighbours, asking what was the matter: Poh met (qd. Bennedick) here be de great devil cry hoh, hoh, hoh, be Gossen I tink de play the knave wid me, and me will be revenged on de. Sir, quoth he, I knowing you love Mutton, thought Poark nothing unfit, and therefore provided you a whole Sow, and as you like this entertainment, spend Portigues: Walk, walk, Barkshire maids will be no Italians trumpets, nor the wives of Newberry their bauds. Barkshire dog (quoth Bennedick) owl face, shack hang dog and thy vief, have it not be for my love to

sweet

ſweet Metre Jone, I will no come in your houz: but farewel till I caſh you, I ſhall make your hog noſe bud. The good man and his neighbours laughing aloud, away went Maſter Bennedick, and for very ſhame departed from Newberry before day.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Jack* of *Newberry* keeping a very good houſe, both for his ſervants and relief of the poor, won great credit thereby, and how one of his wives Goſſips found fault therewith.

GOod morrow Goſſip, now by my truly I am glad to ſée you in health, I pray you how doth Maſter Winchcomb? What never a great belly yet? now fie, by my ſa your husband is wart idle. Truſt me goſſip, ſaith Miſtris Winchcomb, a great belly comes ſooner then a new coat, but you muſt conſider we have not been long married: but truly goſſip you are welcome; I pray you ſit down, and we will have a morſel of ſomthing by and by: nay truly goſſip I cannot ſtay, qd. ſhe, indéed I muſt be gone, for I did but even ſtep in to ſée how you did. You ſhall not chuſe but ſtay a while quoth miſtris Winchcomb, and with that a fair napkin was laid upon the table in the Parlor, hard by the fire ſide, whereon was ſet a fine cold Capon, with a great deal of other good chear: with ale and wine plenty: I pray you goſſip eat, and I beſhrew you if you ſpare quoth the one, I thank you heartily Goſſip ſaid the other. But here you goſſip, I pray you tell me; doth your husband love you well, and make much of you? yes truly I thank God, quoth ſhe, now by my truth ſaid the other, it were a ſhame for him if he ſhould not: for though I ſay it before your face, though he had little with you, yet you were as worthy to be as good a mans wife as his. Truſt me, I would not change my John for my Lord Marqueſs, quoth ſhe, a woman can be but well; for I live at hearts eaſe, and have all things at my will, and truly he will not let me lack any thing. Gods bleſſing on his heart, quoth her goſſip, it is a good hearing: but I pray you tell me, I heard ſay your husband is choſen for our Burges in the Parliament houſe, is it true? Yes verily, qd. his wife. I wis it is againſt his will, for it will be no ſmall charges unto him. Tuſh woman, what talk you of that, thanks be to God, there is never a Gentleman in all Barkſhire that is better able to bear it. But here you Goſſip, ſhall I be ſo bold to ask you one queſtion more? Yes, with all my heart, quoth ſhe.

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I heard say that your husband would now put you in your hood, and silk gown; I pray you is it true? Yes, in truth, qd. Mistris Winchcomb, but far against my mind gossip: my French-hood is bought already, and my silk gown is a making: likewise the Goldsmith hath brought home my chain and bracelets: but I assure you Gossip, if you will believe me, I had rather go an hundred miles then wear them: for I shall be so ashamed, that I shall not look upon my neighbours for blushing. And why I pray you, quoth her Gossip? I tell you, dear woman, you need not be any whit abashed or blush at the matter, especially seeing your husbands estate is able to maintain it: now trust me, truly, I am of opinion, you will become it singular well. Alas, qd. Mistris Winchcomb, having never been used to such attire, I shall not know where I am, nor how to behave my self in it: and besides, my complection is so black, that I shall carry but an ill-favoured countenance under a hood. Now without doubt (quoth her gossip) you are to blame to say so, beshrew my heart if I speak it to flatter, you are a very fair, and well-favoured young woman, as any is in Newberry. And never fear your behaviour in your hood: for I tell you true, as old and withered as I am my self, I could become a hood well enough, and behave my self as well in such attire as any other whatsoever, and I would not learn at never a one of them all: What Woman I have been a pretty Wench in my days, & seen some fashions, therefore you need not fear, seeing both your beauty and comely personage deserves no less then a French-hood: and be of good comfort, at the first (possibly) folks will gaze something at you, but be not abashed for that; for it is better they should wonder at your good fortune, then lament at your misery: but when they have seen you two or three times in that attire, they will afterward little respect it: for every new thing at the first seems rare, but being once a little used, it grows common. Surely Gossip you say true (quoth she) and I am sure but a fool to be so bashful: it is no shame to use Gods gifts for our credits: and well might my husband think me unworthy to have them, if I would not wear them: and though I say it, my hood is a fair one, as any Woman wears in this Country, and my gold chain and bracelets are none of the worst sort, and I will shew them you, because you shall give your opinion upon them: therewith she stept into

her

her chamber and fetcht them forth. When her gossip saw them, she said, now beshrew my fingers, but these are fair ones indeed. And when do you mean to wear them Gossip. At Whitsontide (quoth she) if God spare me life. I wish that well you may wear them, said her Gossip, and I would I were worthy to be with you when you dress your self, it should be never the worse for you: I would order the matter so, that you should set every thing about you in such sort, as never a Gentlewoman of them all should stain you. Mistris Winchcomb gave her great thanks for her favour, saying, that if she needed her help, she would be bold to send for her.

Then began her Gossip to turn her tongue to another tune, and now to blame her for her good house-keeping. And thus she began: Gossip, you are but a young Woman, and one that hath had no great experience of the World, in my opinion you are something to lavish in your expences: pardon me good Gossip, I speak but for good will, and because I love you, I am the more bold to admonish you: I tell you plain, were I the Mistris of such a house, having such large allowance as you have, I would save twenty pound a year that you spend to no purpose. Which way might that be, quoth Mistris Winchcomb? Indeed I am but a green huswife, and one that hath had but small tryal in the World, therefore I should be very glad to learn any thing that were for my husbands profit, and my commodity. Then listen to me, quoth she: You feed your folks with the best of the Beef, and the finest of the Wheat, which in my opinion is a great oversight. Neither do I hear of any Knight in this country that doth it; and to say the truth, how were they able to bear that port which they do, if they saved it not by some means? Come thither, and I warrant you that you shall see but brown bread on the board: if it be Wheat and Rye mingled together it is a great matter, and the bread highly commended: but most commonly they eat Barly bread, Rye mingled with Pease, and such like course grain: which is doubtless but of small price, and there is no other bread allowed, except at their own board. And in like manner for their meat, it is well known that necks and points of beef is their ordinary fare: which because it is commonly lean, they seeth therewith now and then a piece of bacon or poark, whereby they make their pottage fat, and therewith

 drive

drive out the rest with more content. And thus must you do; and besides that, the Midriffs of the Oxen, and the cheeks, the sheeps heads, and the gathers, which you give away at your gate, might serve them well enough, which would be a great sparing to your other meat, and by this means you would save in the year much money, whereby you might the better maintain your hood and silk gown. Again, you serve your folks with such superfluity, that they spoil in a manner as much as they eat: believe me, were I the Dame, they should have things more sparingly, and then they would think it more dainty. Trust me Gossip (quoth Mistris Winchcomb) I know your words in many things to be true: for my folks are so corn-fed, that we have much ado to please them in their dyet: one doth say, this is too far, and twenty faults they will find at their meals: I warrant you they make such parings of their cheese, and keep such chipping of their bread, that their very orts would serve two or three honest folks to their dinner. And from whence I pray you proceeds that (quoth her gossip) but of too much plenty: But in faith were they my servants, I would make them glad of the worst crumb they cast away, & thereupon I drink to you, and I thank you for my good chear with my heart; much good may it do you good gossip, said Mistris Winchcomb, and I pray you when you come this way, let us see you, that you shall verily, quoth she, and so away she went.

After this Mistris Winchcomb took occasion to give her folks shorter commons, and courser meat then they were wont to have: which at length being come to the good man's ear he was very much offended therewith, saying, I will not have my people thus pinch't for their victuals. Empty platters make greedy stomacks, & where scarcity is kept, hunger is nourished; and therefore Wife, as you love me, let me have no more of this doings. Husband (quoth she) I would they should have enough; but it is sin to suffer, and shame to see the spoil they make: I could be very well content to give them their bellies full, and that which is sufficient, but it grieves me, to tell you true, to see how coy they are, and the small care they have in wasting of things: and I assure you the whole town crys shame of it, and it hath bred me no small discredit for looking no bet-

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ter to it. Truſt me no more, if I was not checkt in my own houſe about the matter, when my ears did burn to hear what was ſpoken. Who was it that checkt thee? I pray thee tell me, was it not your old Goſſip, dame dainty, Miſtris trip and go? I believe it was Why man, if it were ſhe, you know ſhe hath been an old houſe-keeper, and one that hath known the World, and that ſhe told me was for good will. Wife (quoth he) I would not have thee meddle with ſuch light brain'd houſwives, and ſo I have told thee a good many times, and I cannot get thee to leave her company? Leave her company? why husband ſo long as ſhe is an honeſt Woman, why ſhould I leave her company? ſhe never gave me hurtful counſel in all her life, but always hath been ready to tell me things for my profit, though you take it not ſo. Leave her company? I am no girl, I would you ſhould well know, to be taught what company I ſhould keep: Alas, poor ſoul, this reward ſhe hath for her good will, I wis, I wis, ſhe is more your friend then you are your own. Well, let her be what ſhe will, ſaid her husband, but if ſhe come any more in my houſe, ſhe were as good no. And therefore take this for a warning, I would adviſe you: and ſo away he went.

CHAP. IX.

How a Draper in *London*, who owed *Jack* of *Newbery* much money became bankrupt, whom *Jack* of *Newberry* found carrying a porters basket upon his neck, & how he ſet him up again at his own coſt, which Draper became an Alderman of *London*.

THere was one Randal Pert a draper dwelling in Watling-ſtreet, that owed Jack of Newberry five hundred pounds at one time, who in the end fell greatly to decay, inſomuch that he was caſt in priſon, and his Wife, with her poor children, turned out of doors. All his creditors, except Winchcomb had a ſhare of his goods, never releaſing him out of priſon ſo long as he had one penny to ſatisfie them. But when this tydings was brought to Jack of Newberry's ear, his friends counſelled him to lay his action againſt him. Nay (quoth he) if he be not able to pay me when he is at liberty, he will never be able to pay me in priſon: and therefore it were as good for me to forbear my money without troubling him, as to add more trouble to his grieved heart, and be never the near. Miſery is trodden down by many, and once brought low, they are ſeldom or never relieved:

therefore he shall rest for me untoucht, and I would to God he were clear of all other mens debts, so that I gave him mine to begin the World again, thus lay the poor draper a long time in prison: in which space his Wife, which before for daintiness would not foul her fingers, nor turn her neck aside, for fear of hurting the set of her neckinger, was glad to go about and wash bucks at the thames side, and to be a char-woman in rich mens houses: her soft hand was now hardned with scouring, and instead of gold rings upon her lilly fingers, they were now filled with chaps, provoked by the sharp lee, and other drudgeries. At last Master Winchcomb being as you heard chosen against the Parliament, a Burges for the town of Newberry, and coming up to London for the same purpose, when he was alighted at his Inn he left one of his men there to get a Porter, to bring his trunk up to the place of his lodging. For Randal Pert, which lately before was come out of prison, having no other means of maintainance, became a Porter to carry burthens from one place to another, having an old ragged doublet, and a torn pair of breeches, with his hose out at the heels, and a pair of old broken slip shoes on his feet, a rope about his middle instead of a girdle, and on his head an old greasie cap, which had so many holes in it, that his hair stared through it: who as soon as he heard one call for a Porter, made answer strait, here Master, what is that you would have carried? Marry (quoth he) I would have this Trunk born to the spread-eagle at Ivy-bridge. You shall master (quoth he) but what will you give me for my pains? I will give thee two pence, for a penny more I will carry it, said the Porter: and so being agreed, away he went with his burthen till he came to the spread-eagle door, where on a sudden, espying Master Winchcomb standing, he cast down the Trunk, and ran away as fast as ever he could. Mr. Winchcomb wondring what he meant thereby, caused his man to run after him, and to fetch him again: but when he saw one pursue him, he ran the faster, and in running, here he lost one of his slip shoes, and there another, ever looking behind him, like a man pursued with a deadly Weapon, fearing every twinkling of an eye to be thrust thorow. At length his breeches, being tyed but with one point, what with the haste he made, and the weakness of the thong, they fell about his heels: which so shackled him, that

down

down he fell in the ſtreet all along, ſweating and blowing, being quite worn out of breath: and ſo by this means the Serving-man overtook him, and taking him by the ſleeve, being as winde-leſs as the other, ſtood blowing and puffing a great while ere they could ſpeak one to another. Sirra, quoth the ſerving-man, you muſt come to my maſter, you have bicken his Trunk all to pieces, by letting it fall. O, for Gods ſake, quoth he, let me go, for Chriſts ſake let me go, or elſe Maſter Winchcomb of Newberry will arreſt me, and then I am undone for ever. Now by this time Jack of Newberry had cauſed his Trunk to be carried into the houſe, & then he walked along to know what the matter was; but when he heard the Porter ſay that he would arreſt him, he wondred greatly, and having quite forgot Perts favour, being ſo greatly changed by impriſonment and poverty, he ſaid, wherefore ſhould I arreſt thee? tell me good fellow: for my own part I know no reaſon for it. O Sir (quoth he) I would to God I knew none neither. Then asking him what his name was, the poor man falling down on his knees, ſaid. Good Maſter Winchcomb bear with me, and caſt me not in priſon, my name is Pert, and I do not deny but I owe you five hundred pound: yet for the love of God take pitty upon me. When Maſter Winchcomb heard this, he wondred greatly at the man, and did much pitty his miſery, though as yet he made it not known, ſaying, Paſſion on my heart, man, thou wilt never pay me thus: never think by being a Porter to pay a five hundred pound debt. But this hath your Prodigality brought you to, your thriftleſs neglecting of your benefits, that ſet more by your pleaſure then your profit. Then looking better upon him, he ſaid, What never a ſhooe to thy foot, hoſe to thy leg, band to thy neck, cap to thy head? O Pert, that is ſtrange, but wilt thou be an honeſt man, and give me a Bill of thy hand for the money? Yes Sir, with all my heart, quoth Pert. Then come to the Scriveners (quoth he) and diſpatch it, and I will not trouble thee. Now when they were come thither, with a great many following them at their heels, Maſter Winchcomb ſaid, Heareſt thou Scrivener? this fellow muſt give me a Bill of his hand for five hundred pounds, I pray you make it as it ſhould be. The Scrivener looking upon the poor man, and ſeeing him in that caſe, ſaid to Maſter Winchcom, Sir, you were better let it be a Bond, and have ſome

ſureties

ſureties bound with him. Why Scrivener, quoth he, doſt thou think this is not a ſufficient man of himſelf to pay five hundred pounds? Truly Sir, ſaid the Scrivener, if you think ſo, you and I are of two minds. I tell thee what (quoth Maſter Winchcomb) were it not that we are all mortal, I would take his Word, as ſoon as Bill or Bond: the honeſty of a man is all. And we in London (quoth the Scrivener) do truſt Bonds far better then honeſty. But Sir, When muſt this money be paid? Marry Scrivener, when this man is Sheriff of London. At that word the Scrivener, and the people ſtanding by laughed heartily, ſaying, In truth Sir make no more adoe, but forgive him; as good to do one as the other. May believe me (quoth he) not ſo: therefore do as I bid you. Whereupon the Scrivener made the bill to be paid when Randal Pert was Sheriff of London, and thereunto ſet his hand for a Witneſs, and twenty perſons more that ſtood by, ſet to their hands likewiſe. Then he asked Pert what he would have for carrying his Trunk? Sir (quoth he) I ſhould have three pence, but ſeeing I find you ſo kind I will take but two pence at this time. Thanks good Pert, quoth he, but for thy three pence there is three ſhillings, and look thou come to me to morrow morning betimes. The poor man did ſo, at which time Maſter Winchcomb had provided him out of Burchen-Lane a fair ſuit of apparel, Merchant like, with a fair black Cloak, and all other things fit to the ſame: then he took him a ſhop in Canweek-ſtreet, and furniſhed the ſame with a thouſand pounds worth of Cloath: by which means, and other favours that Maſter Winchomb did him, he grew again into great Credit, and in the end became ſo wealthy, that while Maſter Winchomb lived, he was choſen Sheriff, what time he paid five hundred pounds every penny, and after dyed an Alderman of the City.

CHAP. X.

How *Jack* of *Newberry*'s Servants were revenged of their Dames tatling companion.

UPon a time it came to paſs, when maſter Winchcomb was far from home, and his wife gone abroad, that Miſtris many-better, dame tittle-tattle, goſſip pint-pot, according to her old cuſtome, came to Miſtris Winchcomb's houſe, perfectly knowing

knowing of the good mans absence, and little thinking the good Wife was from home, where knocking at the gate, Tweedle stept out, and askt who was there? where hastily opening the Wicket, he suddenly discovered the full proportion of this foul beast, who demanded if their Mistris were within? What Mistris Frank (qd. he) in faith welcome: how have you done a great while? I pray you come in. Nay, I cannot stay, quoth she, Notwithstanding, I did call to speak a word or two with your Mistris; I pray you tell her that I am here. So I will (qd. he) so soon as she comes in. Then said the woman, What is she abroad? Why, then farewel good *Tweedle*. Why what hast, what hast Mistris Frank (quoth he) I pray you stay and drink ere you go; I hope a cup of new Sack will do your old belly no hurt. What (quoth she) have you new Sack already? Now by my honesty, I drunk none this year, and therefore I do not greatly care if I take a taste before I go: And with that she went into the Wine-celler with Tweedle, where first he set before her a piece of pouldred Beef as green as a leek; and then going into the Kitchen, he brought her a piece of of roasted Beef, hot from the spit. Now certain of the Maidens of the house, and some of the young-men, who had long before determined to be revenged of this prattling housewife, came into ꝑ Celler one after another, one of them bringing a piece of gammon of bacon in his hand: and every one bad Mistris Frank welcome: and first one drank to her, and then another, and so the third, the fourth, & the fifth: so that Mistris Franks brains wart as mellow as a pippin at Michaelmas, and so light, that sitting in the Celler she thought the world ran round. They seeing her to fall into merry humors, whetted her on in merriment as much as they could, saying, Mistris Frank, spare not I pray you, but think your self as welcome as any Woman in Newberry, for we have cause to love you, because you love our Mistris so well. Now I assure you, qd. she, (lisping in her speech, her tongue waxing somewhat to big for her mouth) I love your Mistris well indeed, as if she were my own daughter. Nay, but here you, qd. they, she begins not to deal well with us now. No my Lambs, qd. she, why so? Because, quoth they, she seeks to bar us of our allowance, telling our Master that he spends too much in house-keeping. Nay then qd. she, your Mistris is an ass, and a fool; and though she go in her hood, what

care

care I? she is but a Girl to me; twittle twattle, I know what I know: Go to, drink to me. Well *Tweedle* I drink to thee with all my heart; why thou Whoreson when wilt thou be married. O that I were a young wench for thy sake: but 'tis no matter, though I be but a poor woman I am a true woman. Hang dogs, I have dwelt in this Town these thirty Winters. Why then, quoth they, you have dwelt there longer then our Master? Your Master, quoth she? I knew your Master a boy, when he was called *Jack* of *Newberry*, I *Jack*, I knew him called plain *Jack*: and your Mistris, and now she is rich, and I am poor, but 'tis no matter, I knew her a draggle-tail'd girl, mark ye? But now, quoth they, she takes upon her lustily, and hath forgot what she was. Tush, what would you have of a green thing? quoth she, Here I drink to you, so long as she goes where she list a gossiping; and 'tis no matter, little said is soon amended: but here you, my masters, though Mistris *Winchcomb* go in her Hood, I am as good as she, I care not who tell it her. I spend not my husbands money in Cherries, and Codlings. Go to, go to, I know what I say well enough: I am sure I am not drunk. Mistris *Winchcomb* Mistris: No *Nan Winchcomb*, I will call her name plain *Nan*. What, I was a woman when she was (Sir-reverence) a Paultry girl, though she goes now in her hood and chain of gold: What care I for her, I am her elder, and no more of her tricks; nay I warrant you I know what I say; 'tis no matter, laugh at me and spare not, I am not drunk I warrant. And with that being scant able to hold open her eyes, she began to nod and spill the Wine out of her Glass. Which they perceiving, let her alone, going out of the Celler till she was sound asleep, and in the mean space they devised how to finish this piece of knavery. At last they consented to lay her forth at the backside of ꝑ house, half a mile off, even at ꝑ foot of a stile, that whosoever came next over might find her: notwithstanding, Tweedle staid hard by to see the end of this action. At last comes a notable Clown from Greneham, taking his way to Newberry, who coming hastily over the stile, tumbled at the woman, and fell down clear over her: but in the end starting up, & seeing it was a woman, cryed out, Alas, alas! How now? what is the matter, qd. Tweedle? O, quoth he, here lies a dead Woman. A dead Woman, quoth Tweedle that's not

so

so I trow: and with that he tumbled her about. Bones of me quoth Tweedle, 'tis a drunken woman, and one of the Town undoubtedly: surely it is great pity she should lye here. Why do you know her, quoth the Clown? No not I, quoth Tweedle: nevertheless, I will give thee half a groat, and take her in thy Basket and carry her throughout the Town, and see if any body know her. Then said the other, Let me see thy money, and I will: for by the Mass she earned not half a groat this great while. There it is, quoth Tweedle. Then the fellow put her in his basket, and so lifted her upon his back. Now by the Mass she stinks vilely of drink, or wine, or some thing: but tell me, what shall I say when I come into the Town, quoth he? First, quoth Tweedle, I would have thee so soon as ever thou canst, go to the Towns end, and with a lusty voice, to cry, O yes: and then say, Who know's this Woman, who? And though possible some will say I know her, and I know her, yet do not thou set her down till thou comest to the market-Cross, and there use the like words, and if any be so friendly to tell thee where she dwels, then just before her door cry so again: and if thou perform this bravely, I will give thee half a groat more. Master Tweedle (quoth he) I know you well enough, you dwell with Master Winchcomb, do you not? Well, if I do it not, in the nick, give me never a penny: And so away he went till he came to the Towns end, and there he cries out as boldly as any Bailiffs man, O yes, Who know's this Woman, who? Then said the drunken Woman in the Basket, her head falling first on one side, and then on the other side, Who come, who? Then said he again, Who knows this Woman, who? Who come, who (quoth she?) and look how oft he spake the one, she spake the other: saying still, Who come, who come, who? Whereat all the people in the street fell into such a laughing, that the tears ran down again. At last one made answer, saying, Good fellow, she dwels in the North-brook street a little beyond Master Winchcombs. The fellow hearing that, goes down thither in all haste, and there in the hearing of a hundred people cries, who knows this Woman, who? Whereat her husband comes

out, saying, Marry that do I to work, God help me. Then said the Clown, if you know her, take her; for I know her not, but for a drunken beast: and as her husband took her out of the Basket, she gave him a sound box on the ear, saying, What you queans, do you mock me? and so was carryed in. But the next day, when her brains were quiet, and her head cleared of these foggy vapours, she was so ashamed of her self, that she went not forth of her doors a long time after: and if any body did say unto her, Who co me, who? She would be so mad and furious, that she would be ready to draw her knife and to stick them, and scold as if she strove for the best game at the Cucking-stool. Moreover, her prattling to Mistris Winchcombs folks of their Mistris made her on the other side to fall out with her, in such sort that she troubled them no more, either with her company or her counsel.

CHAP. XI.

How one of *Jack* of *Newberry's* Maidens became a Ladie.

AT the winning of Morleys in France, the noble Earl of Surrey, being at that time Lord High Admiral of England, made many Knights: among the rest was Sir George Rigly, brother to Sir Edward Rigley, and sundry other, whose Valors far surpassed their Wealth: so that when peace bred a scarcity in their Purse, and that their credits grew weak in the City, they were inforced to ride into the Country, where at their friends houses they might have favorable welcome, without Coin or grudging. Among the rest, Jack of Newberry, that kept a Table for all commers, was never lightly without any such guests: where they were sure to have both welcome and good cheer, and their mirth no less pleasing than their meat was plenty. Sir George having lien long at Board in this brave Yeomans house, at length fell in liking of one of his maidens, who was as fair as she was fond.

This lusty wench he so allured with hope of marriage, that at length she yielded him her Love, and therewithall bent

bent her whole ſtudy to worke his content: but in the end ſhe ſo much contented him, that it wrought altogether her own diſcontent: to become high, ſhe laid her ſelf ſo low, that the Knight ſuddenly fell over her, which fall became the riſing of her belly: but when this wanton perceived her ſelf to be with childe, ſhe made her moan unto the Knight, ſaying:

Ah Sir George, now is the time to performe your promiſe, or to make me a ſpectacle of infamy to the whole world for ever; in the one, you ſhall diſcharge the duty of a true Knight, but in the other, ſhew your ſelf a moſt perjured perſon: ſmall honor will it be to boaſt in the ſpoil of poor Maidens, whoſe innocency all good Knights ought to defend. Why, thou lewd paultrie thing (quoth he) comeſt thou to father thy baſtard upon me? Away ye dunghill carrion, away: hear you good huſwife, get you among your companions, and lay your litter where you liſt, but if you trouble me any more, truſt me thou ſhalt dearly abide it: and ſo bending his browes like the angry god of War, he went his waies, leaving the childe-breeding wench to the hazzard of her fortune, either good or bad.

This poor Maiden ſeeing her ſelf for her kindneſs thus caſt off, ſhed many tears of ſorrow for her ſin, inveighing with many bitter groans againſt the unconſtancie of love-alluring men. And in the end, when ſhe ſaw no other remedy, ſhe made her caſe known unto her Miſtreſs: who after ſhe had given her many checks and taunts, threatning to turn her out of doors, opened the matter to her husband.

So ſoon as he heard thereof, he made no more to do, but preſently poſted to London after Sir George, and found him at my Lord Admirals. What Maſter Winchcomb (quoth he) you are heartily welcome to London, and I thank you for my good cheer: I pray you how doth your good wife, and all our friends in Barkſhire? All well and merry, I thank you good Sir George, quoth he: I left them in health, and hope they do ſo continue. And truſt me Sir (quoth he) having earneſt occaſion to come up to talk with a bad debter, in my

journey it was my chance to light in company of a gallant widow: a Gentlewoman she is of wondrous good wealth, whom grisly death bereft of a kind husband, making her a widdow ere she had been half a year a Wife: her Land Sir George, is as well worth a hundred pound a year as one penny, being as fair and comly a creature as any of her degree in our whole Country. Now sir, this is the worst; by the reason she doubts her self to be with Child, she hath vowed not to marry these twelve months: but because I wish you well, and the Gentlewoman no hurt, I came of purpose from my business to tell you thereof: Now sir George, if you think her a fit Wife for you, ride to her, woo her, win her, and wed her. I thank you good Master Winchcomb (quoth he) for your favour ever towards me, and gladly would I see this young Widdow, if I wist where. She dwels not half a mile from my house, quoth Master Winchcomb, and I can send for her at any time, if you please.

Sir George hearing this, thought it was not best to come there, fearing Jone would father a Child upon him, and therefore said, he had no leisure to come from my Lord: but, quoth he, would I might see her in London, on the condition it cost me twenty Nobles. Tush, sir George (quoth Master Winchcomb) delay in Love is dangerous, and he that will woo a Widdow must take Time by the forelock, and suffer none other to step before him, lest he leap without the Widdows love. Notwithstanding, seeing now I have told you of it, I will take my Gelding and get me home, if I hear of her coming to London, I will send you word, or perhaps come my self: till when adieu good sir George. Thus parted Master Winchcomb from the Knight: and being come home, in short time he got a fair Taffety Gown, and a French Hood for his Maid, saying, Come ye Drab, I must be fain to cover a foul Fault with a fair Garment, yet all will not hide your great Belly: but if I finde means to make you a Lady, what will you say then? O Master (quoth she!) I shall be bound while I live to pray for you. Come then minion (quoth her Mistris) and put you on this Gown and French-Hood, for seeing you have lien

with

with a Knight, you must needs be a Gentlewoman. The Maid did so, and being thus attired, she was set on a fair Gelding, and a couple of men sent with her up to London: and being well instructed by her Master and Dame what she should do, she took her Journey to the City in the Term time, and lodged at the Bell in the Strand: and Mistris Loveless must be her name, for so her Master had warned her to call her self, neither did the men that waited on her, know the contrary, for Master Winchcomb had borrowed them of their Master, to wait upon a friend of his to London, who could not spare any of his own servants: at that time; notwithstanding they were appointed for the Gentlewomans credit, to say they were her own men. This being done, Master Winchcomb sent sir George a Letter, that the Gentlewoman which he told him of, was now in London, lying at the Bell in the Strand, having great business at the Term.

With which news sir George's heart was on fire till such time as he might speak with her: three or four times went he thither, and still she would not be spoken withall: the which close keeping of her self, made him the more earnest in his suit.

At length he watcht her so narrowly, that finding her going forth in an evening, he followed her, she having one man before, and another behind, carrying a very stately gate in the street, it drove him to the greater liking of her, being the more urged to utter his mind. And suddenly stepping before her, he thus saluted her. Gentlewoman, God save you; I have often been at your Lodging, and could never find you at leisure. Why sir, quoth she, (counterfeiting her natural speech) have you any business with me? Yes fair Widdow quoth he, as you are a client to the Law, so am I a Sutor for your Love: and may I find you so favorable to let me plead my own Cause at the Bar of your Beauty, I doubt not but to unfold so true a Tale, as I trust will cause you to give sentence on my side. You are a merry Gentleman, quoth she: but for my own part I know you not; nevertheless, in case of Love, I will be no

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let your Suit, though perhaps I help you a little therein. And therefore Sir, if it please you to give attendance at my lodging upon my return from the Temple, you shall know more of my minde, and so they parted. Sir George receiving hereby some hope of good hap, staied for his dear at her lodging dor: whom at her coming home she friendly greeted, saying, surely (Sir) your diligence is more then the profit you shall get thereby: but I pray you how shall I call your name? George Rigley (quoth he) I am called, and for some small deserts I was Knighted in France. Why then Sir George (quoth she) I have done you too much wrong to make you thus dance attendance on my worthless person. But let me be so bold to request you to tell me, how you came to know me: for my own part I cannot remember that ever I saw you before. Mistris Loveless (said Sir George) I am well acquainted with a good neighbor of yours, called Master Winchcomb, who is my very good friend, and to say the truth, you were commended unto me by him. Truly Sir George, said she, you are so much the better welcome: Nevertheless, I have made a vow not to love any man for this twelve months space. And therefore Sir, till then I would wish you to trouble your self no further in this matter, till that time be expired: and then if I finde you be not intangled to any other, and that by trial I finde out the truth of your love, for Master Winchcomb's sake, your welcome shall be as good as any other Gentlemans whatsoever.

Sir George having received this answer, was wonderous woe, cursing the day that ever he medled with Jone, whose time of deliverance would come long before a twelve-month were expired, to his utter shame, and overthrow of his good fortune: for by that means should he have Master Winchcomb his enemy, and therewithal the loss of this fair Gentlewoman. Wherefore, to prevent this mischief he sent a Letter in all haste to Master Winchcomb, requesting him most earnestly to come up to London, by whose perswasion he hoped straight to finish the marriage. Master Winchcomb fulfilled his request: and then presently was the marriage solemnized at the Tower of London, in presence of many

Gentle-

Gentleman of Sir George's friends. But when he found it was Jone whom he had gotten with childe, he fretted and fumed, stampt and star'd like a Divel. Why (quoth Master Winchcomb) what need's all this? Came you to my Table to make my maid your strumpet? had you no mans house to dishonor but mine? Sir, I would you should well know, that I account the poorest wench in my house too good to be your whore, were you ten Knights: and seeing you took pleasure in making her your wanton, take it no scorn to make her your wife: and use her well too, or you shall hear of it. And hold thee Jone (quoth he) there is a hundred pounds for thee: and let him not say thou comest to him a beggar. Sir George seeing this, and withal casting in his mind what a friend Master Winchcomb might be to him, taking his wife by the hand gave her a loving kiss, and Master Winchcomb great thanks. Whereupon he wilked him for two years space to take his diet and his Ladies at his house: which the Knight accepting, rode straight with his Wife to Newberry. Then did the Mistris make courtesie to the Maid, saying: You are welcome Madam; giving her the upper hand in all places. And thus they lived afterward in great joy: and our King, hearing how Jack had matcht Sir George, laughing heartily thereat, gave him a living for ever, the better to maintain the Lady his Wife.

FINIS.